THE LARGER VISION

A. R. LAMBERT



Class BR123

Book .L27

Copyright No.

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

THE LARGER VISION

BY

A. R. LAMBERT



BOSTON
SHERMAN, FRENCH & COMPANY
1913

BT183
.L27

Copyright, 1913
Sherman, French & Company

$1.00

©Cl.A358813
no 1

TO THE "HELPMEET" OF THE YEARS OF A BUSY LIFE, WHOSE WISE COUNSELS HAVE FURNISHED SOLUTION TO VEXED PROBLEMS; WHOSE FAITH IN HER HUSBAND HAS STIMULATED THE HIGHEST ENDEAVORS; WHOSE CHEERFUL SPIRIT HAS DRIVEN DULL CARE TO THE WINDS; WHOSE LOVE HAS BEEN AS AN EVANGEL OF HOPE; WHOSE UTTER CONSECRATION TO THE COMFORTS OF THE ROOF-TREE HAS MADE THE HOME A RETREAT FROM THE TOILS AND INQUIETUDES OF LIFE—

TO

MY WIFE

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK

FOREWORD

Through the years of my ministry I have sought to be a close observer of men and things — noting the trend of the times.

I have not failed to appreciate the introduction of multiplied, multiform labor-saving devices; the increase in philanthropic movements — men of large means who have caught the spirit of the declaration "the time is near at hand when it will be regarded a sin for a man to die rich," a sentiment in keeping with the thought of the Master, who declared: "The poor ye have always with you"— reference being had to the unfortunate and impotent of earth; the gradual disappearance of the hated system of "caste," and the swinging of the pendulum of human thought in the direction of the democracy of the people.

The introduction of reform movements, looking towards the elimination of vice, graft, and greed in the body politic; the placing of the stamp of public disapproval upon the practice of polygamous cohabitation, the "white slave traffic," and the utter annihilation of the greatest curse of the ages, the liquor traffic; the

opening, one by one, of the doors of the heathen world, admitting the ambassadors of Jesus Christ; the displacement of monarchial forms of government by newly born republics — all these things have branded as false the statement, oft repeated, that "the world is growing worse," and stressed the truth that the world is growing better.

"The apostles of despondency and complaint" are retreating before the oncoming spirit of optimism: "God is in his heaven, the world's all right."

As a result, in large part, of these observations, I have become an out-and-out optimist, and have found myself possessed of the larger vision; my study of the word of God has led me to see and feel that God is not "a blind force, making for righteousness," but an all-wise and loving heavenly Father, who takes note of the end of life from the beginning, making the amplest provision therefor.

The old book has thus become a new book to me, for I have found myself crying out, again and again, in the language of the inspired writer: "Open thou mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law." And as a result the sublime symbolism of the Bible has assumed, not a poetical significance — rather the opening up of new vistas of eternal verities.

FOREWORD

Red seas of opposition have but emphasized passageways over which God's children may pass "dry shod." Fiery furnaces have but stressed the keeping power of God. Mountain tops, surrounded by the horses and chariots of the enemy, have furnished an emphasis of the need of "opened eyes," and the recognition of the fact that "they that be for us are more than they which be against us." Storm-tossed Genessarets have but directed my thought to the presence of Him whose voice rocks the winds and waves of adverse experiences to sleep. Hungry multitudes have become suggestive of that multiplying power, providing enough and to spare. The day seems drawing nigh when the words of the poet-prophet shall be fulfilled — when

> "Jesus shall reign, where'er the sun
> Does his successive journeys run;
> His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
> Till moons shall wax and wane no more."

In a word, running through all the messages of my ministry, of which these contained in this volume are a part, will be found "the golden thread of optimism," the larger vision; and in the hope that others may catch this spirit, I send them forth trusting and unafraid.

A. R. L.

CONTENTS

		PAGE
I	The Larger Vision	1
II	The Imagery of the Bible . . .	17
III	Unseen Forces	33
IV	With Stars as Teachers . . .	51
V	The Regal Spirit	67
VI	Spiritual Poise	83
VII	The Vicarious Contribution . .	99
VIII	The Supremacy of Jesus Christ .	117
IX	"The Land of Room Enough" .	133

THE LARGER VISION

" The inventor multiplies the faculties of life, but the poet makes life better worth living."

— Curtis.

" There is but one Raphael, and no second; but a thousand lesser artists, looking up to him, are lifted to his level."

— Hillis.

" Truth tyrannizes over the unwilling members of the body. No man need be deceived who will study the changes of expression. When a man speaks the truth, in the spirit of truth, his eye is as clear as the heavens. When he has base ends and speaks falsely, the eye is muddy and sometimes asquint."

— Emerson.

" But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the spirit of the Lord."

— St. Paul.

I

THE LARGER VISION

"Among a thousand men who talk, but one thinks; among a thousand men who think, but one sees."

Out from this comparatively small number of men who see, have gone the builders of nations, the founders of empires, the discoverers of new worlds, the prophets of God, the benefactors of the race, and the Saviour of a lost world; in a word, the sum total of human success and human happiness is bound up in the lives of men who see — who have the larger vision.

It goes without saying, therefore, that one of the most inspiring pastimes is that of tracing the footsteps of these leaders of men.

I. WORLD LEADERS

Over yonder I see one of these world leaders gazing upon jets of steam, emanating from a teakettle.

A thousand other men had noted the same thing; had thought about it, and spoken of it, in commonplace terms, without result.

But as this one man looks upon it, he gets a vision in which he beholds the old-fashioned stage coach giving way to the iron horse, thundering out across the plains; and the slow-sailing wind vessel giving way to the ocean liner, down in whose engine-room he beholds a mighty Corliss engine, the expansion of whose lungs of steel sends the great liner plowing through the waves of the deep in the very teeth of the tempest; sees the wheels of human industry turned by the potent arm of steam power, and Franklin has succeeded in completely revolutionizing the commercial world.

Lying prone upon the earth under an apple tree one summer's day, his head propped up by his hands, one of these world leaders was deeply absorbed in thought, when suddenly a gentle breeze loosed an apple from its stem, and falling earthward, the apple smote him on the head.

Perhaps a thousand other men might have had a similar experience, only to have entertained thoughts and given utterance to expressions which would not look well in print.

But this one man had a vision, and leaping to his feet, unmindful of the impact of the apple, cried out: "Eureka, I have found it," and as he walks forth I see in his hand the key of gravitation, in the use of which have been unlocked all the doors of the physical universe,

"doors of oak, doors of brass, doors of iron," cluster systems, group systems, planet systems, world systems, sun systems, all open. Newton has succeeded in wresting down to earth the secrets of the stars.

I see still another world leader walking the shores of sunny Italy, noting a bit of strange driftwood lying on the shore.

A thousand other men might have witnessed a similar sight, and perhaps with little thought or casual reference, passed on. But as Columbus looks upon the driftwood, he gets a vision, and forthwith goes forth to discover a new world.

Inspiring, however, as is the pastime of tracing the footsteps of men of vision in the temporal world, still more so is that belonging to the spiritual realm.

See, then, yonder monk of Erfurt, reclining on the spiral stairway perusing the word of God, suddenly leaping to his feet, his face all aglow with a floodtide of illumination surging up through brain and heart, exclaiming: "The just shall live by faith," and going forth to nail against the Wittenburg chapel door his ninety-five theses, literally a protest against spiritual apostasy, the outrageous practice of "indulgences," which became the battering ram of Jehovah's vengeance, shaking the decaying

Roman empire from center to circumference, and — Protestantism was born.

Or see out yonder on the plains at night a refuge, a supplanter, a man dominated by self-centered motives, who has selected the earth for his bed, a stone for his pillow, and the star-spangled canopy of the heavens for a covering. And as he sleeps, he has a dream — has a vision — in which he beholds a ladder set upon the earth, whose top reaches to heaven; and behold, angels were ascending, bearing petitions from sin-burdened souls heavenward — and angels descending were bearing back from the throne of God answers of joy and peace — a revelation of the possibility of a sin — estranged race becoming reconciled to a justly offended God.

And a little later see this world leader testing out that vision, wrestling all night with one of these angels; and when the dawn broke, the angel said to him, "Let me go, for the day breaketh." And this man, engaged, not in "wresting down the secrets of the stars," but rather that greater wealth of possession, the secret of the mind and heart of God, cried out, "I will not let thee go unless thou bless me" — that is unless thou introduce me to the King of Heaven, that I may become reconciled to him; and his iron will prevailed.

No wonder God spoke to him, saying, "Thy

name shall no longer be called Jacob "— the supplanter and self-seeker, with nature bent in the direction of an acquisition of flocks and herds —" but Israel," with feet traversing the higher levels —" for as a prince, thou hast prevailed with God and with men."

It is needless to say that all was over but the "shouting"; having become reconciled with God, reconciliation with his outraged brother, Esau, followed as naturally as day follows the night.

Of greater import to the world than all the gold finds of Alaska or diamond fields of South Africa was this spiritual vision given to Jacob. Once the world has made practical application of this vision, all racial differences shall have disappeared, the hated doctrine of "caste" shall be forgotten; the last sword shall become transformed into a plowshare, and the final spear beaten into a pruning hook; or, as the poet has put it,

"When some sweet bird from the south,
Shall build in every cannon mouth;
Till the only sound from its rusty throat,
Shall be that of a wren or a bluebird's note."

When all men shall have received this vision, then shall all differences between labor and capital be adjusted; "trade unions" and

"trusts" shall be but a memory; and walking arm in arm "the ways of justice, brotherhood, and love," the capitalist shall address the laborer, and the laborer shall address the capitalist, both speaking in one voice, in the sweetest tones of earth or heaven, saying "For we be brethren."

II. THE RIGHT PERSPECTIVE

There is a world of difference in the way we look at things. The perspective held in mind bulks big in the taking of a picture; the forming of an estimate of ourselves, our neighbor, and of God is responsible for the weal or woe of the race.

Dwelling in a palatial residence, possessed of an abundance of this world's goods; or living in obscurity, unknown to the world, and being able to truthfully sing,

> "No foot of land do I possess,
> Nor cottage in a wilderness —
> A poor, wayfaring man,"

enters not into the equation of happiness, if we have the right perspective of life. Mr. Longfellow has well said "Brown owns the mountain, Smith owns the vale, and Jones owns the river — but the landscape is mine."

Given the right perspective, and the sun shines for man, the flowers bloom for him, for

him the earth yields her products. It is his to live in a world home beautiful beyond compare, with a background of "suns, moons, worlds, constellations, systems; all that is magnificent in motion; all that is sublime in magnitude; all that is grand in order and obedience," causing him to reiterate the words of the Psalmist: "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork; day unto day uttereth speech and night unto night showeth knowledge."

To the man possessed of the right perspective, all trains crossing all continents, and all ships, sailing all seas are his common carriers, bearing to his very door the choicest commodities of earth. A rich temporal heritage is his; but richer still is his spiritual heritage, for he has learned the significance of the words of the great Apostle: "For all things are yours, whether Paul or Apollo, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present or things to come; all are yours and ye are Christ's and Christ is God's."

But poor indeed is the man possessed of the wrong perspective. For him, clouds lower in the heavens, drought blights the harvests, the germs of disease float in the atmosphere, and doubts and misgivings, like full grown giants, stalk the earth. Envy lurks like a destroying

monster in his heart; the laughter of little children mocks him; peace of mind, joy of heart, and contentment of life are minus quantities; success like a will of the wisp is ever eluding him; friendships are but saddened memories to him, for "the hand of every man is turned against him." To him there is a swift overtaking of prosperity by adversity; the displacing of sunlight by shadow, of daytime by night; in a word, his is the experience of the old lady who said: "I always feel bad when I feel good, for I know I shall feel badly after a while."

His supreme need is an annihilation of pessimism and a substitution of the more wholesome spirit of optimism; the displacement of the spirit of despondency and complaint, and a large endowment of a right perspective — the larger vision of life. My friend, the late Col. Copeland, of wide renown as a lecturer, delighted in telling his experience on his honeymoon at Niagara Falls. Seated with his bride in "Lover's Nook" near Goat's Island, they heard the sound of footsteps, and playing a game of "peek-a-boo," saw a tall, finely dressed gentleman — a New England manufacturer by trade — approaching the falls. Gazing upon the stupendous waterfall leaping over its chasm, he murmured to himself: "My! If I could

harness Niagara to my mills, my fortune would be made." A little later they heard the sound of footsteps, and this time saw approaching the falls a genuine representative of the "wild and wooly west," a sheep raiser by trade, living in a section of the country where, by reason of an absence of clear water, he found it difficult to wash the wool, preparing it for the market; and as he looked upon the self-same spectacle of the mighty waterfall apparently going to waste, he exclaimed: "My, what a place to wash wool." And still again they heard the sound of footsteps, and this time they saw an aged man, bowed beneath the weight of years, but with kindly, beaming eye, thoughtful face, and reverent demeanor; and as he approached the falls, falling on bended knees, with clasped hands, and face turned heavenward, he exclaimed: "Father, I thank thee for permitting me to live to see this exhibition of thy power and glory."

It makes a world of difference, the perspective we get of life.

One glorious summer's day, I stood on Inspiration Point, in the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone National Park. Feasting my eyes on the panorama of nature's beauty, clinging to the rock, I lost all conscious fear, despite the fact that seemingly borne up on arms of empty space, it was two thousand feet sheer

down into the yawning chasm beneath. Yonder in the distance were the great falls of the Yellowstone, three miles away, dashing, as in a sort of agony, against the rocks below. There was no sound, for "the mighty distance laid the fingers of silence upon the lips of the descending cataract." Lifting their heads above me were mighty canyon walls, upon which the great Artist, God, had hung his masterpieces, whose colorings were made up of entangled rainbows and pinioned sunsets. Intoxicated on the wine of nature's beauty, my very soul was enthralled; I noted not the passing of time, and my thoughts turned to that other and ageless life beyond the stars, where no one is ever heard to say, "I am sick," and where we shall never grow weary and never grow old; and I thought I better understood the meaning of the words of inspiration: "A thousand years are but as one day and one day as a thousand years."

But by-and-by, starting up, I turned to see how my companions were enjoying this wonderland of the west; and I found a young couple making love to each other. Turning away in amazement, the words formed on my lips "Is it possible to be in heaven and not know it?" I recalled the words of the great Teacher: "Because they, seeing, see not; and hearing, they hear not, neither do they understand."

III. OPENED EYES

Bobby Burns, in his unique style, was wont to exclaim:

> "O wad some power the giftie gie us,
> To see oursels as ithers see us."

Better still do I like the exclamation of another: "O for the power to see through Jesus' eyes." Then would every wayside flower, reaching out arms of appropriation, utilizing the trinity of physical forces about — earth, air and sunlight,— developing the ability to give out beauty and fragrance, speak of the trinity of spiritual forces, God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit, all awaiting our appropriation, enabling us to "grow up into our living head, Christ Jesus the Lord." Then should mountain peaks, buttressing against the sky, with shoulders of strength holding back the tempests that would otherwise whelm us, bespeak the shoulders of infinite strength, vouchsafing protection from the stormy blasts. Then should the summer's shower, refreshing and rejuvenating nature, recall to us a million voices of drooping vegetation; leaves brown and sear, and fields of "sun fired" corn pleading for rain; and in response to this petition, the sun, bending very low, with golden dippers lift-

ing water from the deep into the carriers, the clouds — which scurrying across mountains, hills, and dales, dispense their blessings far and wide, transforming these millions of pleading voices into so many voices of praise, rendering a Te Deum of thanksgiving to the Author of every good and perfect gift — be found reminding us of the sublime truth that we are the golden human dippers, God appointed to go down into the deeps of God; that we are "the clouds of mercy," the spiritual carriers, whose mission it is to hurry across the mountains, hills, and dales of human experience, depositing "showers of blessing" upon a thirsty world. Then should we "ken" the significance of the words of the poet:

"There seems a voice in every gale,
A tongue in every flower;
That tells, O Lord, the wondrous tale,
Of thine Almighty power."

With opened eyes the prophet Isaiah entered into the temple, and we will do well to listen to his experience as told by himself.

"In the year that King Uzziah died, I saw also the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, and his train filled the temple. Above it stood the seraphims; each one had six wings; with twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly.

"And one cried unto another and said, holy, holy, holy is the Lord God of hosts; the whole earth is full of his glory.

"And the posts of the door moved at the voice of him that cried, and the house was filled with smoke (glory)."

O that with opened eyes we might ever enter into His sacred courts, that we might see the One, high and lifted up, seated upon the throne; that we might behold the seraphims, and join with them in the refrain: "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God of hosts;" that we might be encircled by the glory of this holy place, and go forth to fulfil the prophecy — "filling the whole earth with his glory."

THE IMAGERY OF THE BIBLE

" Imagination rules the world."

— Napoleon.

" The soul without imagination is what an observatory would be without a telescope."

— Lowell.

" Like a great cathedral is the word of God. Viewed from without, no satisfactory vision may be had of the artist's dream; but viewed from within, a miracle of grace and beauty breaks in upon us. In like manner, viewed from without, the word of God possesses but little charm for the soul; but viewed from within, a miracle of marvelous truth enthralls him."

—L.

" The eyes of your understanding being enlightened; that ye may know what is the hope of His calling, and what the riches of the glory of His inheritance in the saints."

— Ephesians, 1-18.

II

THE IMAGERY OF THE BIBLE

"I am not possessed of poetic temperament, hence I have not wasted valuable time, wandering aimlessly in the literary world; rather have I been content to deal with the practical side of life."

This expression, falling from the lips of a well-known divine, surprised and startled me, since herein is found one of the most fertile fields of research, one of the most valuable adjuncts in the interpretation of the word of God. The Bible is a veritable mine of symbolism, literary wealth, etc., which has challenged the attention, gripped the thought and enriched the lives of the world's greatest scholars and thinkers. Would you possess yourself of the choicest rhetoric, you need not search in the world's great libraries for it; it is found in the word of God. If you would become inspired by the sublime symbolism, you will find it in the book of books. If you would engage in the task of expanding the world's greatest similes, you need not peruse all the works on logic extant — you will find them in Holy Writ. If you would

enrich your vocabulary by rare literary gems, you will find them in the Bible.

In a word, the most striking antitheses, the most telling hyperboles, the keenest satire, the pithiest epigrams, the most effective metonymies, and synecdoches to be found anywhere abound in those Scriptures given by inspiration of God, which " are profitable for doctrine, for correction, for reproof, and for instruction in righteousness."

" Not possessed of the poetic temperament " — as well say, " I am not possessed of an historic temperament, therefore, I have not wasted valuable time in familiarizing myself with the historicity of things;" and yet the most inspiring realm, in all history, is that portion of the word, which deals with the origin of the world home in which we dwell, the inhabitants thereof, and a Common Creator, God. As well be guilty of the folly of declaring, " I am not of a legal turn of mind, therefore I have not wasted valuable time in familiarizing myself with the tenets of law;" though the Ten Commandments in themselves form the bases of all law. Or, " I am not gifted with the prophetic instinct, therefore, I have not troubled myself to grip the utterances of the major and minor prophets."

Riding along one day, with a noted jurist, he

looked into my face, and in impressive tones, said, " After all, the great business of this world is that of preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ."

A greater than the one referred to has said: " Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."

But to divide the word of truth " rightly," means, that the man of God must be a poet, a statesman, a historian, a logician, a philosopher, a scientist, all in one. That is to say, he must possess a poetic turn of mind, must be alive to the current problems of the times, familiar with the historicity of things, capable of making deductions from great truths, of seeing the philosophy, " the eternal fitness of things," and capable of applying scientific data. In a word, the man of God must be possessed of the larger vision, finding in all of life's varied and limitless environs " windows of the soul," through which he may look and, seeing, utilize in the illumination, interpretation and enforcement of the great truths of God.

I. SPIRITUAL SYMBOLISM

We have already said the Bible abounds in symbols, sublime metaphors, embodying the most suggestive truths.

Take as an illustration the opening sentence

of the book: "In the beginning — God." Reading between the lines, we have "a glorious archway connecting the unknown past with the known present." I had rather have been the author of this sentence than to have written the immortal dramas of Shakespeare or, as the commanding general, won the battle of Waterloo. And though adown the ages skeptics and scientific unbelievers have made this archway a target, against which to direct the shafts of would be annihilation, though master minds have advanced the theories of "Spontaneous Generation," "Natural Selection," "The Origin of Species," etc.— after the Darwins, Huxleys, Spencers, etc., have shot their last bolt, the old archway stands forth as a veritable Gibraltar of strength.

"In the beginning"—"the words carry back the mind, awed and bewildered, age after age, century after century, back on back to that immeasurably distant and dateless period when all that we now behold was not; when no sun illumined the voids of space, no moon relieved the darkness of the night, nor star twinkled in the heavens; when no sound, no motion had ever broken the stillness of the night; when neither mind nor matter was found in all the dark profound; when God was the alone existence;

then, even then, He was, and was all that He now is, in wisdom, power, happiness and love." *

Continuing, this same author relates how this world home was fitted and furnished for man's abode. "Electric shocks rent the clouds and vibrated the rocky strata; volcanoes burned and belched in the morning of time; earthquakes, with shrug of shoulders, caused continents to rock and reel like a drunken man or a storm-tossed ship at sea; gigantic races browsed over the ancient continents and tiny corals toiled at the bottom of the sea — all working together under the direction of the divine workman to prepare for us this world home."

What a storm of criticism has grown out of the expression relative to the space of time necessary to the creation of the world — "six days." To the thoughtful student of the word, however, what matter whether the figure six days be literal or figurative. Could not He, who could call into requisition such mighty agents as were employed, by a single and almighty fiat, have caused worlds to tremble into existence; have created our world, and flung suns, moons and starry worlds into their places in a second's time, just as easily as in six days of twenty-four hours each, or six thousand

* "Science and the Bible."

ages, since with Him "a thousand years are but as one day, and one day as a thousand years"?

What matters it whether Job was a man of flesh and blood or a mythical character, around whose life has been woven a web of inspiring narrative, — connected with whose experience the heavens became tranformed into an arsenal of destruction, razing his houses to their very foundations, destroying his sheep and herds, whilst he himself is smitten with disease, and becomes a veritable mass of corruption, causing his wife to imagine that He who would thus afflict "a just man" could be nothing short of a monster, and to turn to her husband, exclaiming, "Curse God and die;" but Job, unmoved, cries out: "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him"? The all important item of consideration is that men may possess a faith like unto that of Job, go down into the depths of adverse experience, and come forth unscathed.

What matters it to the literary world whether Shakespeare is the author of the immortal dramas which bear his name? The all important consideration is that the world has been enriched beyond compare by the dramas themselves; and if not the "Bard of Avon," then some one possessed of the genius of a

Shakespeare has placed a stupendous mortgage upon the world's gratitude.

Some one has pertinently asked, "What's in a name?" and then, proceeding to answer his own question, has replied, "a rose would be just as fragrant if called by some other name."

With flourish of trumpets the scientific unbeliever, having with yard-stick gone to the pains of measuring the mouth and abdomen of the whale, and finding it inadequate to the purpose at hand, has gone forth to denounce the story of Jonah being swallowed by a whale as a base fabrication. If modern craftsmen can and do construct submarine boats in which men go down into the deep, could not God create a craft, "a great fish," to form a submarine abode for Jonah, during a period of three days and nights?

The all important truth symbolized and sanctioned by the Lord is that which has to do with His descent into the grave and His coming forth again; aye of the glorious truth that, because He rose again, we also shall come forth from the charnel house of death and dwell forever with Him.

Perhaps one of the sublimest symbols contained in the book is that wonderful climax of expression found in the description of Isaiah

of the advent, suffering and ultimate triumph of the sinless Son of God. Rising from mountain peak to higher mountain peak of inspiring expression, at length, having apparently exhausted human phraseology, he exclaims: "And His name shall be called Wonderful, the Mighty God, the Prince of Peace, the Everlasting Father."

Read between the lines of this sublime symbol and note how a thousand sermons grow out of the same. The "Mighty God," holding the reins of universal supremacy in one hand, and with the other hand stooping down to dry the tear of the mourner; the "Everlasting Father," with almighty fiat causing worlds to tremble into being, giving expression to tenderness and sympathy and love, world wide and ages long; the "Prince of Peace," not with sword of conquest, but with invisible chords of love "binding the whole round earth in chains of gold about the feet of God"; the "Wonderful One," whose gift to the world impoverished heaven for the enrichment of earth with outreach of mercy, high as heaven, deep as hell and broad as the need of a common humanity.

No wonder Isaiah has been called "the prince of prophets," the intellectual millionaire, the unapproachable climax builder; to him was reserved the sublime prerogative of character-

izing the thought and purpose of the All-Father relative to his children.

From Genesis to Revelation the word of God abounds in spiritual symbolism such as, if fully elaborated, would form a book so large that the world would not be able to contain it.

II. CONTRIBUTARY MATERIAL

Having pondered the value of the imagery of the Bible, we will do well to note the fact that all about us, in the open book of nature and in the literary realm, are to be found contributary materials of an enriching character.

Standing one day, looking into the bosom of Lake Profile, New Hampshire, my attention was directed to "The Old Man of the Mountains," a freak of nature on the summit of the mountain, twelve hundred feet above me, in the shape of a human face, forty feet from brow to tip of chin; and I was led to contemplate the fact that adown the storm-swept centuries this face had been gazing down upon Lake Profile, as if to reflect therein its own image, suggestive of the fact that adown the centuries another face, from the height of glory, has been looking down into the bosom of human hearts, seeking to reflect therein His own nature, and to lift us up into fellowship and communion with Himself.

Driving through the far-famed Yosemite Valley, I became conscious of the fact that old El Capitan, a veritable mountain of granite, three-quarters of a mile long and seven-eighths of a mile high, seemed to be ever present with us, suggestive of that Scripture which declares: "If I ascend up to heaven, if I make my bed in hell, if I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the earth, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me."

Some years since I came across this beautiful characterization of the advent of the sweet springtime: "Up from the southland comes the springtime rolling her waves of green before her, crested with the foam of daisies and buttercups, and dashing against our northern hills become broken into myriads of wild flowers."

And what a sublime symbol is this of regeneration. Up from the southland of infinite love comes the sweet springtime of the new birth, rolling her waves of hope before her, crested with the foam of fervency of spirit, and dashing against the hillsides of spiritual apostasy, become broken into the more beautiful flowers of consecrated living.

America's favorite poet is Longfellow, and herein lies the secret, in large part, to the hold

which he has gotten on all our hearts. It was near the close of the poet's life, and his friends thought his pen had been laid aside forever; and he doubtless shared this thought. But one day he is found starting up, and grasping his pen, wrote, what to me seems enough to immortalize any man. Looking back over the past of life, and recalling the rough, steep pathways traversed, the burdens borne, the heartaches endured, and recognizing the fact that others must make a similar journey, he penned these beautiful lines:

"O little feet, that such long years
Must wander on through hopes and fears,
I, nearer to the wayside inn where fears shall end
and hopes begin,
Am weary, thinking of your load."

"Thinking of your load"— how the words remind us of the spirit of Him who declared: "I came not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

Riding along on the train one day to meet a lecture engagement, to while away the time I purchased a volume of Opie Read's works. I do not now recall the name of the volume, or aught beside these words: "There are no cobwebs in the cottage in which love dwells, and if there were, every thread would become trans-

formed into a strand of gold." And I became obsessed by a new theme — the transforming power of love.

Mr. Hawthorne, in one of his works, recites how an eccentric character determined to erect a house for himself, and for his materials selected gray, somber clouds. When the structure was completed, it resembled more an ancient monastery than a modern manse. He then determined to illuminate it, and for his material selected a glorious evening's sunset, with which he gilded it from top to bottom.

In this house of fancy was held a "select party," at which were present such characters as the "oldest inhabitant," the "patriot without partisanship," the "poet without pedantry," the "priest without worldly ambition," etc.

Entering this house of fancy the guests found one of the ceilings upborne by pillars of solid golden sunbeams, the room lighted up with chandeliers of flaming meteors, whose dazzling light was tempered by globes of evening mist.

And instantly there stood out before me the vision of "the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens"; of its environs of everlasting hills, in the distance; of streets of gold, pearly gates and jasper walls; of fountains leaping into ethereal air, struck through and

through and dripping with light leaping from the throne — a home where no one is ever heard to say, "I am sick," and where we shall never grow weary and never grow old.

In the beginning of my ministry I was brought in contact with a cultured, beautiful woman, the wife of a Methodist preacher. It was an ideal home, but that dread disease, diphtheria, entered the home and three lovely girls, their all, were laid away. The nervous strain was too great for the husband, and he broke under it; for a number of years that brave little woman stood at her post, trying to nurse him back to health and strength. At length the physicians decided that his only hope lay in a complete rest at a distant sanitarium. But the wife did not have the wherewithal to provide for such a journey, and some of us made up the amount and forwarded it to her. I shall never forget the acknowledgment of the remittance sent me — every sentence seemed dripping with her heart's gratitude. The letter closed with a quotation of these beautifully pathetic lines:

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift,
Beyond His love and care."

Oh, the imagery of the book of books, oh,

the contributary materials lying all about us, enriching in two worlds the soul who has the larger vision.

UNSEEN FORCES

" Narrow-visioned souls would have us believe that the world is hastening to an empty tomb; that ' the age of poetry, romance, heroism has forever passed '; that the pen of the ' Bard of Avon ' is grown rusty; that the shadow of great statesmen — the Lincolns, Gladstones, Bismarcks — no longer haunts the forum; that the voice of eloquence of Beechers, Spurgeons, Simpsons, is forever stilled; that the sweep of vision of Isaiahs, Jeremiahs, Daniels, has lost its objective; that the creeds of Calvin, Wesley, Edwards, have vanished; that ' the harp of a Wagner is covered with the dust of oblivion '; that the veiled face of a Moses descending from a flaming Sinai, like meteors of light, ' tempered by globes of evening mist,' is but a memory; that the God of ancient days is dead.

" But the man of larger vision will not have it so. He sees a world hastening toward a higher civilization; poetry, romance, heroism becoming idealized; the immortal dramas of a Shakspeare incarnated in daily living; the shadow of great statesmen grown into great republics; the eloquence of ' silver-tongued orators ' grown into more eloquent acts and deeds; the prophetic vision realized in events familiar; the creeds of leaders in ecclesiastical forums flowering into philanthropy, educational centers; good angels of light, clad in the robes of humanity, wending their way into the dark places of the earth; the light of the Ten Commandments illumining a sin-darkened world.

" God is not dead, but alive forevermore."

— L.

III

UNSEEN FORCES

What fireside has not been regaled by the tales of Bagdad of the eleventh century, known as the "Arabian Nights," in which "favored persons were found invoking the aid of fairies, sprites, genii, etc, in the acquisition of wealth, fame and beautiful brides"?

The product of a vivid imagination, these tales have traveled the world around.

Had the author of "Arabian Nights" lived in our day, without drawing upon his imagination he had found materials at hand — the forces and influences utilized by men in daily living — outrivaling all his own materials, and that without exciting a breath of suspicion as to their reality.

I have seen in Oriental countries frail women as beasts of burden, bearing on their heads or shoulders earthen jugs of water for the household. In our day we have substituted gravitation to perform this service, and lo, water in abundance to supply kitchen and lavatories, "leaps and laughs with pearly spray" in every well regulated household.

Had the author of "Arabian Nights" been permitted, like the author of "Looking Backward," to have annihilated the flood of years and looked upon this modern utility — this force of gravitation — at work, what a tale he had had to add to his collection.

Standing under the shadow of the Cheops Pyramid, I was minded of the statement of the historian, Herodotus, that it required one hundred thousand men, toiling for twenty years, to erect this tomb for a dead king.

In our age of the world, through the use of mechanical genius, we have erected skyscrapers outrivaling the great pyramid, fitting and furnishing these, where dwell the captains of industry, supplemented by hundreds of subordinates — in touch with the world at large — carrying forward the world's business; and yet we erect one of these skyscrapers, with a comparatively small number of workers, inside of a few months.

Given the larger vision, and all about us, in the temporal and spiritual realms, are found forces which make for the enrichment of humankind. The vast universe, in a mighty chorus of voices, ranging from the gentle zephyr fanning the heated brow — suggestive of the electric fan — to the thunder crashing along the mountains of the skies — the forerunner of re-

freshing showers — bespeaks forces designed to be the burden bearers for man.

When a lad on the farm in the early morning, driving the cows to pasture, my attention was oft directed to the intricate network, the finely woven web of the spider, surpassing in mechanical genius the greatest achievement of man, which had been accomplished in a single night. Did the creator of the famous Brooklyn Bridge sit at the feet of the tiny spider and learn how to form those stupendous arches of steel?

The diligent ant, building a home for itself and young, reminds us of the sublimer task committed to mortals of engaging in the work of erection of the great, mysterious temple of righteousness. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways, and be wise." (Proverbs 6: 6.)

When a refugee from home, with heart broken over the usurpation of the throne by the profligate and unscrupulous Absalom, his own son, David, in the midnight hour — suggestive of the darker night-time of his experience — listened to the roar of the deep, as if responding to the noise of the water brooks, suggestive of the heart of the All-Father beating out in sympathetic throb to the heartache and heartbreak of His children. "Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts; all thy waves and

thy billows are gone over me." (Psalm 42: 7.)

I. UNSEEN FORCES

Encamped at Dothan was the man upon whose shoulders had descended the mantle of Elijah, the prophet Elisha.

The mere mention of Dothan suffices to grip the thought and command the attention of the biblical student, being associated with historic events, fascinating in character. Was it not here that Joseph was sold into slavery by jealous brethren, after having been thrown into the dry pit to rot and die — his dreams perishing with him? But presently another opportunity to visit upon him a more terrible punishment appeared in the shape of a caravan, bound for the land of the Pharaohs. And as his new master led Joseph away, I have thought I could hear his brethren murmuring, " Down in Egypt, through years of heart-breaking bondage, he will have plenty of time to ponder the significance of dreams of superiority." Had their eyes been opened, they had seen that they were unwittingly assisting to fulfill the dreams of Joseph, and that by and by, when gaunt famine had stalked through Canaan, in quest of bread they should be found bowing very low, in Oriental custom, before the prime minister of

Egypt, who, though unknown to them, is none other than Joseph.

"God works in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

Encamped at Dothan, Elisha had succeeded in thwarting the plans of Benhadad, engaged in warfare with Israel, revealing these plans to the commander of the army of the living God. Benhadad, in a spirit of pent-up rage, summoned his soldiery into his presence, demanding the name of the spy or spies who had done this thing. Upon being informed that the guilty party was not within their ranks, but rather was none other than the Prophet Elisha, possessed of superior powers of discernment, Benhadad resolved to capture and put to death Elisha, at any cost. Accordingly, during the night-time he caused the mountain surrounding Dothan to be compassed by horses and chariots, that on the morrow he might accomplish his design.

Very early the next morning, the young man servant of the prophet, upon going out to reconnoiter, came rushing pellmell back to the prophet, exclaiming: "My Lord, the mountain is full of horses and chariots." And Elisha prayed the Lord to open the eyes of the young

man that he might see what he, the prophet, saw. The prayer being answered, the young man was amazed to behold other horses and chariots — even those of the Most High — and was prepared to appreciate the words of his master: "Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them."

Profane history stresses the fact that the Babylonian captivity — the three deportations of 597, 586 and 581 B.C., in which some 50,000 souls, all told, were made exiles for 70 years — was but an incident in history, the method of the Assyrians in dealing with revolting and vassal nations. The larger vision, however, recalls to us the fact that had Judah been true to God instead of wandering off into spiritual apostasy, the mighty Babylonian hand, reaching out from the metropolis of antiquity to enslave the inhabitants of Canaan, had been paralyzed ere it had harmed the Israel of God.

See, then, an unseen force — the hand of God in history: After the chastening of Israel for seventy years (during which time all leanings towards Polytheism have become eliminated, and the repentant hearts of exiles are found reaching out towards the living God) as Cyrus of Persia, the chosen agency of the Most High, digs a canal or moat about Babylon through

which the waters of the Euphrates, which ran through the city, were diverted on that memorable night during the bacchanalian feast of Belshazzar, Cyrus' army marched up the dry river bed, past the outer walls (300 feet high and 87 feet thick), past the two brazen-leaved gates of prophecy, which by chance had been left open — did I say left open by chance? rather let me say in the language of another: "Eternal God that chance did guide"— and without a single blow captured the famous city, liberating and sending the exiles back to their native land.

But why journey so far afield for an illustration of unseen forces? In our own times, during the dark days of the "Boxer uprising," under the leadership of Rev. Conger, a Methodist missionary, the American legation marched up the river bed, under the walls of the city of Peking, and when China awoke to the real situation she was looking into the mailed fist of the allied forces of Christendom — and the gateways of China for all time swung open wide to the missionaries of the cross — the Boxer uprising proving to be but an unseen force in which "the wrath of man was made to praise Him."

Unbelievers have caviled at "the unseen

forces " which thundered down the walls of Jericho, the plowshare of omnipotence which carved a passageway through the Red Sea, " the stars which in their courses fought against Sisera," the Hebrew children who became impervious to the flames of the seven times heated fiery furnace, the response to the audacious demand of Joshua, crying out: " Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou, moon, in the valley of Ajelon." Even believers have gone so far as to concede the absence of the miraculous element in our day.

But over against all this I place that miraculous event in modern history connected with the Spanish-American war, in which the fleet of Admiral Dewey sailed into Manila Harbor, smashing the fleet of the enemy to kindling wood without the loss of a man or a single vessel; though, if the leaden hail hurled from the Spanish forts and ships had been placed on the decks of the ships of Admiral Dewey, it had sunken them by its sheer weight.

Have we not witnessed men standing amidst the flames of trial — fiercer than the seven times heated fiery furnace of days agone — becoming a target against which all the infernal suggestions of the enemy have been directed — coming forth unscathed, crying out in tones of triumph: " None of these things move me " ?

"The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I'll never, no never desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

II. AN ALL-CONQUERING FAITH

The supremest triumphs achieved by men in any world are those which have grown out of an exercise of an all-conquering faith laying hold of and utilizing unseen forces in the accomplishment of the desired end. What inspiration is that growing out of a contemplation of the exercise of faith in the temporal world — faith which is akin to that found in the spiritual realm — men who have faith in themselves, their environment and their fellows, the absence of which makes for our undoing! The greatest panics which our nation has ever experienced have been the immediate outgrowth of an absence of faith, otherwise called confidence.

We are scarcely prepared to appreciate the bounds of progress made by the world in the last century. If some aged Rip Van Winkle belonging to a former age were to rise up from his long sleep and were to behold the advanced stage of the world of to-day, he would rub his eyes in bewilderment and wonder where the world is drifting to.

Inspired by visions of triumphs viewed from afar, men have honeycombed hills and mountains, laying hold of unseen forces with which they have bound and blended the world into a huge whispering gallery; have harnessed Niagaras, utilizing unseen forces to turn the wheels of human industry; have bored gimlet holes through the Berkshires to form Hoosac Tunnels; digged Panama Canals; opened up dark continents; conquered the air; and marching triumphantly up to the North Pole, "transformed it into a flagstaff from which to fly the stars and stripes."

Among the polar regions this phenomenon may be observed, icebergs drifting north and larger icebergs drifting south at the same time. It was one of these which became responsible for the world-wide disaster, the destruction of the "Titanic" not long since.

The explanation of this phenomenon is very simple. The ocean is made up of upper and under currents. Large icebergs reach from five to eleven times farther below the water line than they rise above it. The smaller icebergs, caught in the arms of the upper currents, are found drifting north, whilst the larger icebergs, reaching far beneath the surface, are caught up in the arms of the mightier under currents and are found drifting south.

And herein is revealed the secret to the success or failure of men in the spiritual realm. How many times we have witnessed, with heartache, this spectacle — men who are not rooted and grounded in the faith being caught up in the arms of worldliness, drifting towards the polar regions in the spiritual experience, where abound lukewarmness, indifference, apathy, and ultimately becoming lost to the church. On the other hand, how we have become enthralled, as we have looked upon great souls — men rooted and grounded in the faith reaching down, down beneath the upper currents of worldliness; down, on down, until they are gripped by mightier under currents, the unseen forces — God's keeping power, marching triumphantly forward.

Held in the grip of these unseen currents of spiritual power, men have developed integrity, impervious to the taint of graft, greed, vice; enabling them to "handle all the world's gold, without any of its dust adhering to the palms of their hands"— to develop nobility, manhood, character such as commands the admiration and respect of their fellows.

Herein is found the explanation to the triumphant experience of Job in direst extremity, when even his wife advises him to "curse God and die," as he rises superior to all the

forces of evil, and cries out: "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him."

Herein likewise is found the secret to the faith of the great apostle, Paul, when shipwrecked, imprisoned, stoned and left for dead by the wayside. And bending over his prostrate form and whispering in his ear the words, "Paul, had you not better give up this business of propagating the kingdom of righteousness," in a whisper, which grows into a mighty shout, whose echo and re-echo is heard the world around, he exclaims: "None of these things move me," he was held in the grip of unseen spiritual forces.

Oh, the triumph of such a faith, enabling him to stand fast in the faith, to rise superior to his environment, to rise on wings of faith until he beholds an ultimate and spiritual heritage of "dominions, thrones, principalities, powers" yonder, to be his for aye and for aye!

Oh, the unseen forces laying hold of him, enabling him to exclaim: "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ; shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? . . . For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate

us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus the Lord!"

III. A FINAL TEST

I have already anticipated a little the concluding thought in this chapter — the final test of the unseen forces round and about God's Israel. A further word let me say, by way of answer to a question which has been asked again and again: "Will these unseen forces, this spiritual heritage, stand the final test?"

I might answer this question by way of referring to the ultimate outcome, in which the unseen forces of the Most High completely put to rout the forces of Benhadad, yonder at Dothan; or by which the forces of Sisera were put to ignominious confusion; or the ultimate triumph of Joshua, as, during the prolonged day, he added the finishing touches to his work in the destruction of the last remnant of his foes.

I choose to answer by way of directing your attention to an illustration taken from "Parish Astronomy."

"Imagine an immense castle, whose builder, after he had completed it and had locked and bolted all the doors, threw away the key.

"For centuries, men wandering on the outside sought in vain to find the key. One day

one of these searchers, after all others had despaired of finding the key, stumbled upon something resembling a key, and holding it in his hand, murmured: 'I wonder if this might not be the long lost key?'

"With fluttering heart and trembling hand he approached the outer door, applied the key, and the outer door stood ajar. Passing within, again he applied the key, which was so constructed as to fit any lock, and door after door swung ajar, and he entered in and enjoyed to the full the wonders of the castle."

The author of "Parish Astronomy" has made the application of this illustration to the great castle of the skies. The key referred to is that of gravitation which, held in the hand of Newton, unlocked the outer gateways, and in the hands of his successors unlocked all the principal gateways to the skies — doors of oak, doors of iron, doors of brass, all swinging wide open. But by-and-by some doubting Thomas comes along and says, "Mr. Newton, don't you think you may be mistaken about this key — off yonder to the right are some minor doors which you have not tested — off yonder to your left are some minor doors which you have not tested — after all, may it not be that you are mistaken about this key of gravitation?"

And the author of "Parish Astronomy"

turns on this man and asks, "You old fool, when did you get out of the insane asylum?"

To still another castle would I apply this illustration — even the mysterious castle of the spiritual life. With the key of faith in our hands we have opened doors of oak, doors of iron, doors of brass, doors of unnumbered and difficult experiences. Out yonder is the outer door of regeneration, which on application of the key of faith has swung ajar; following this is the door of justification, sanctification — the doors of affliction, sorrow, persecution, etc.,— and all have swung open wide.

And now perchance some destructive higher critic is found coming our way, who suggests to us that after all we may be mistaken about this key of faith — that out yonder are some minor experiences to the right, and over yonder some other and minor experiences to the left not opened — that perhaps we have been deluded by the possibilities of this key of faith.

And, not using the harsh expression of the author of "Parish Astronomy," I turn to this would be destroyer of my faith and say: "Get out of my way, my friend, while I shout with Alfred Cookman: 'I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb;' while I shout with the apostle Paul: 'I am now ready to be offered and the time of my depart-

ure is at hand; I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me in that day; and not unto me only, but unto all them which love His appearing.'

"Get out of my way while I shout the praises of God here, and make ready to join the ransomed hosts as they shout yonder: 'Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us priests and kings unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen.'"

WITH STARS AS TEACHERS

" Go out beneath the arched heavens at night and say, if you can, ' There is no God.' Pronounce that dreadful blasphemy, and each star above you will reproach the unbroken darkness of your intellect; every voice that floats upon the night winds will bewail your utter hopelessness and folly."

—The Royal Path of Life.

" See where the sun, with face of unsufferable splendor, goes swimming through the day; see where the soft and silver moon, with fleets of stars, goes swimming through the night — what eloquent silence. Our dinned ears and hearts are soothed. Our petty cares and excitements are hushed. Both body and soul are insensibly calmed and refreshed as we gaze into the immeasurable silence."

—Ecce Coelum.

" And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever."

— Psalms, 12:3.

IV

WITH STARS AS TEACHERS

Seated in my room in "Hotel Jerusalem" one evening, after a full day of sight-seeing in the holy city, busied with my notebook (the tourist who fails to take notes loses much that is of value, once the journey is ended) my little traveling companion (Mrs. L.), who was out on the balcony, called to me; "O, dear, do come out and see the stars; I never saw them look so beautiful before."

Passing out where she was, I found it to be true: the stars appeared to be much nearer the earth, and to shine brighter than I had ever seen them in our Western Hemisphere; it seemed, indeed, as if they were endeavoring to be real neighborly — desirous of engaging us in conversation.

If we have eyes to see, ears to hear, and hearts to feel, our environs of earth and sea and sky, in a language not as difficult to master as the dead languages, "will be found eager to talk with us, imparting knowledge such as we may not elsewhere acquire."

The greatest of all teachers, the Master,

emphasized this thought one day. Reaching down and plucking a lily of the field, and holding it in His hand, He said: "Consider the lily, how it grows." That is to say, if we will but take the pains to learn the language of the lily, it will become an eloquent instructor touching spiritual growth, development, maturity.

Having learned the language of the brook, Tennyson was found sitting at the feet of this instructor in the natural world, enjoying a rare companionship the while —

"I come from haunts of coot and hern;
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down the valley.

"By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

"I chatter, chatter as I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever."

Is it too much to say that the brook was trying to impart to Tennyson, and through him to us all, the importance of a recognition of the doctrine of "eternal progression"?

Under the breath of old Boreas, the ocean, lashed into a perfect cauldron, may be heard sobbing out in a voice resembling that of human heartbreak; but when the storm is o'er, and with glassy surface reflecting the glory of clear skies, the sea becomes a sublime symbol, reminding us of the time when "there shall be no more seas of sorrow — when God shall wipe away all tears from all eyes."

Oh, the melodies of winged songsters! Oh, the music of singing pines! Oh, the richer melodies of the stars —

> "Forever singing, as they shine,
> 'The hand that made us is divine.'"

David was wont to engage in conversation with the stars, taking his first lessons when a lad, watching over a handful of sheep committed to his keeping; and later, after a strenuous day in performance of the duties of ruler of the nation, feeling "the call of the wild," perhaps in thought, perhaps literally, hastening to the mountain fastnesses to look into the faces of his boyhood companions; and coming back to give expression to the sublime declaration: "The heavens declare the glory of God, etc."

Had David lived in our day and been permitted to look, not through the natural eye, beholding six thousand stars, but rather through

the great telescope of Lick Observatory, California, beholding approximately a thousand million starry worlds; aye, had David been permitted to carry out the suggestion of the author of "Parish Astronomy," taking his position on the last discovered star, and, looking through a telescope with sweep of vision a thousand-fold greater than that at Lick Observatory, gazing upon the countless millions of cluster systems and group systems and planet systems and sun systems and world systems spread out in panoramic vision, beggaring description — what then? Then I have thought with enthralled soul he had exclaimed: "How great is God, how insignificant is man!"

The apostle Paul was likewise given to cultivating the acquaintance of the stars, and, with soul flooded with inspiration growing out of one of these experiences, in which the stars suggested to him a glorious truth touching the resurrection, cried out: "There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory.

"So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power; it

is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body."

And yet, who among us can bring himself to believe that Paul did not learn, as we may learn, from the stars other lessons of vital importance touching human experience lying this side of the grave? Hence the theme of this chapter: "With Stars as Teachers."

I. THE MESSAGE OF THE SUN

Seated at the feet of the sun, let us learn the sublime message which this instructor in the natural world would whisper in our ears. To be sure, there are many messages, many symbolic truths, growing out of a more intimate acquaintance with the sun; it may surprise you to know that no less than one hundred and twenty-one times do the inspired writers of the Bible direct our attention to symbolic truths all borrowed from the sun.

You have perhaps noted the value of the headlight on the locomotive. How the engineer, gripping the throttle of the great engine on a dark night, would be haunted by "ghosts of doubts and fears," in the absence of this medium of illumination — conscious all the time of the fact that some unseen obstacle lying on the track might wreck the train, entailing a fearful loss of life and property.

A similar service is rendered by the electric headlight on the modern automobile throwing its flood of light in advance of the machine, protecting the occupants and protecting other and approaching vehicles.

Have you ever watched a searchlight exhibition of a great war fleet, on the high seas? For a distance of twenty miles great arms of light, encircling the fleet, seem to be searching out an approaching enemy — a spectacular and inspiring pastime in time of peace, but a source of invaluable protection in time of war.

But a greater sheen is that projected by the sun. Across the mighty abyss of space, at a distance of 37,000,000 miles, it lights up Mercury; at a distance of 68,000,000 miles Venus is lighted up; at a distance of 95,000,000 miles our earth is illumined; at a distance of 140,000,000 miles Mars is furnished with illumination; at a distance of 495,000,000 miles Jupiter is lighted; at a distance of 1,800,000,000 miles Uranus is illuminated; whilst at a distance of 2,800,000,000 miles Neptune is furnished light.

We have thought it a marvelous thing in seven minutes we flash a telegraphic message from continent to continent; but if we were able to locate a telegraphic station on the rim of the physical universe, it would require fifteen years to send a message to our earth.

What a sublime symbol, then, have we herein of the source of spiritual illumination ordained of God to illumine the moral world. This was the thought which the psalmist had in mind when he declared: "For the Lord God is a sun and shield; the Lord will give grace and glory; no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly." (Psalm 84:11.)

A similar thought likewise was that held in the mind of the last of the prophetic band, Malachi: "But unto you that fear my name shall the sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings; and ye shall go forth, and grow up as calves of the stall." (Malachi 4:2.)

Amazing thought that you and I may have our pathways leading from earth to glory, illumined by the white light of gospel truth, revealing every obstacle lying in our way, whilst, with a shield of light impervious to the fiery darts of the enemy, march forward, triumphant in the faith; and at the last, like the prophet Elijah, in a chariot of light ride up the shining steeps, and enter the eternal City, forever to enjoy the presence of the Author of spiritual illumination.

In the face of such encompassment of light, is it not the marvel of marvels that even the saints of God are betimes held in the relentless grip of doubts and fears, afraid lest there be

not light enough to furnish a solution to those mysterious problems growing out of human experience; that sometimes we seem to stand on "an earth that is iron, gazing up into a heaven of brass, whilst no cross of victory, like unto that of Constantine of old, is beheld painted against the northern sky"?

Imagine the tiny flower growing by the wayside, fearful lest there be not light enough in the sun for its use. Imagine the snowflake hovering over the shoulder of the great mountain, afraid lest the mountain be not strong enough to bear its weight.

That intellectual millionaire, Bishop Quayle, has aptly used this illustration:

"Suppose the cup which holds Lake Tahoe were dry as dust, with great, deep hollows which the hand of God, in moments of laughter, had hollowed out — suppose Lake Tahoe were dry as a skull. But yonder stand the mountains with snow-crowned summits, and adown the mountain gullies sing the laughing streams; and the inroads of the sky and the adjacency of the mountains and the shelter of the pines give to the snowdrifts all — all that is wanted to fill Lake Tahoe to the full with water.

"Tell me, my friends, is there any need for Lake Tahoe to be dry? Tell me this: when the mountains are ready to give their snowdrifts, and the streams singing their way down the mountains are ready to furnish their waters, and the pines sobbing

out, 'We are ready to fill thee, O Lake Tahoe, we are waiting to make thee a drinking cup for the gods,' is there any reason why Lake Tahoe should be empty?"

O, child of earth, beset by doubts and fears, fling open wide the doors and windows of the soul, and light, abundance of light, shall flood all thy life, and no darkness at all shall remain, for God Himself is the light.

II. SHINING WITH BORROWED LIGHT

It is a well-known fact that, whilst the sun is the center of the solar universe, there are other centers which, shining with borrowed rays of light, illumine the orbs encircling them. The moon is an illustration of this thought. Who has not been charmed by the glory of a perfect night, with meandering books and shimmering lakes, wind-parted boughs of the forest, and silver rivers — the result of moonbeams spilled upon the earth — but all this is reflected light, light borrowed from the sun.

In like manner, while Christ is the center of the moral universe, responsible for all the spiritual illumination requisite to the uplift and redemption of the world, the work itself is accomplished through the medium of a glorified humanity — glorified in that He has elected that we should become the radiating centers through

which spiritual illumination is given to the world.

He elects, not that legions of angels or archangels, who might well covet the honor and privilege, shall become the centers, giving out to a lost world the light of help and hope and heaven; rather does He commit to mortality this sublime mission.

The man of God, standing behind the sacred desk, wins for himself stars of rejoicing only in as far as he reflects the true light of God.

The captains of industry, the leaders of the social realm, the recognized spirits of the professional world, intellectual giants, the statesman wielding the scepter of supremacy over his constituency, the men who write the world's poetry, fling upon the canvas pictures which become master-pieces — in a word, from the highest to the lowest centers of influence wielded over the lives of their fellows, make for the world's highest civilization only in as far as they reflect the light of the Christ of God.

The mother, endowed with that indescribable something which for want of a better name we call mother-love, reflecting the true light, wields an influence which extends all the way through this life, which goes down into the grave, which grows up into eternity, which is never lost. Hence it is that, impelled by a

flood of sacred memories, strong men, wending their way to the city of the dead, stand over a grave, grown green, to shed a tear and mutely confess, "All that I am or ever expect to be, under God, I owe to the one who lies here;" and hence it is that aged men, whose pilgrimage is nearly ended, lingering by the river's brink, are heard to murmur, almost unconsciously, as again in thought they kneel at mother's knee: "'Now I lay me down to sleep,'" or, "'Our Father who art in heaven.'"

"And I, if I be uplifted, will draw all men unto me" is but another way of saying, "Through the radiating centers of human life I purpose reflecting that light which shall make for the uplift and redemption of a lost world."

III. UNNAMED STARS

Astronomers have mentioned but a few names of stars which adorn the heavens; such as the sun, Mercury, Mars, Jupiter, Uranus, Saturn, the moon, etc., which, like monarchs of light, stand out conspicuously.

Some one has said: "Among the countless millions of worlds which adorn the skies there are less than twenty of the first magnitude; among the countless numbers of men who have inhabited this earth, there are less than twenty of the first magnitude."

Did you ever pause to inquire why the names of all the stars are not given — why countless millions of orbs are unnamed? The answer is found in the fact that approximately a thousand million orbs belong to the starry world, and that an attempt to name all of these would bankrupt human nomenclature. None besides Him who sits upon the circle of the universe, could coin sufficient names to go round.

Sufficient for His purpose — a purpose which bulks big with significance — is the fact that all these countless orbs unite to form the sum total of that physical glory forming a background for our world home.

In like manner, the countless millions of faithful souls whose dwelling-place is this earth must live and die, unknown to the world at large. But He knows all of our names — He does not forget to reward the giving of "a cup of cold water" to a thirsty soul; and He has ordained that the combined love and devotion, the merged fidelity of all the saints, shall constitute the sum total of that glory growing out of a redeemed humanity.

He knows — oh, the music of the remembrance, echoing and re-echoing in the human soul — He knows; and that will suffice for us all. Just as the trained eye of the artist detects the slightest stroke or shade of pencil requisite to

the masterpiece which enthralls the hearts of men possessed of the æsthetic taste; just as the musical director detects the slightest inharmony of a single voice among a thousand voices rendering the great oratorio, the divine Artist takes note of each line of duty, each shade of character reflecting His life, and takes note of the slightest inharmony of any single life out of tune with the Infinite.

And what matters the absence of commendation of the world if at the last He shall look over our life-work, and stamp it with the seal of never-fading glory: "Well done."

THE REGAL SPIRIT

"Edison knows more about phonographs in a minute than Socrates would in a million years; and Socrates, who constructed a raft of reason on which he put out into the dark sea, knew more about the arguments for immortality in a minute than Edison will in another million years."

— Hillis.

"Scientists tell us that the dewdrop reposing in the heart of a rose reflects approximately a thousand million worlds — the vast physical universe. The regal spirit, having 'eternity set in the heart,' reflects dominions, thrones, principalities, powers — the ageless life beyond the stars."

— L.

"For all things are yours, whether Paul or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come — all are yours and ye are Christ's and Christ is God's."

— Paul.

V

THE REGAL SPIRIT

From my study window one day I saw a number of schoolboys lining up on the street, two and two abreast, under the leadership of a little lad. Glancing down the line, I noted the fact that many of the boys were larger and older than their leader — that ever and anon they were found playing pranks on each other, getting out of line; and then the little lad would swing his arms and stamp his foot, crying out sharply, "Back into line, back into line," and they obeyed him instantly.

And I could not resist the question, Why do not some of these older and larger lads rebel? Why do they not turn to the little lad and say: "We are older and larger than you; you get into line, and we will assume leadership"?

They did not do so because school lads, like older folks, have ever recognized the spirit of leadership — the regal spirit.

Note then this spirit of mastery asserting itself in later years, for it has been truthfully said:

"Men are only boys grown tall,
Hearts don't change much after all."

Now we see the little lad possessed of the regal spirit grown to manhood, taking his rightful place — the place accorded him by the world just as naturally as it was accorded him by his playmates — as a world leader.

Maybe it is in the literary world, where the pen takes the place of swinging arms and stamping feet, shaping and molding human thought, causing ennobling sentiment to swing into line; for there stands in the intellectual forum a recognized genius.

Maybe it is on the field of battle, where a single flash of the eye transforms a whole regiment into so many fighting demons, causing them to exclaim: "Isn't he splendid? We will follow him anywhere."

It may be in the industrial world where as a captain of industry, he becomes the genius making for "a greater New York," "a greater Chicago," a greater city in which he has taken up his abode.

Or it may be in the spiritual realm, where a great soul, possessed of the regal spirit, in times of spiritual apostasy has become responsible for a wave of transforming influence and power which has given to the world a heavenward tendency, enriching humankind beyond compare.

I. THE KINGDOM WITHIN

One of the most startling revelations of truth given to the early disciples was that which was designed to completely disillusion them as to the character of the kingdom which Jesus came to establish in the earth.

They had dreamed of a great temporal kingdom which should eclipse and absorb all the other kingdoms of the earth, of which the Master should be the Head and they the visible representatives. What a king He would be, He who had but to speak to the howling winds and roaring waves, and they were rocked to sleep — what power to thunder into silence and submission all adverse forces — He who had but to will that it should be so, and five loaves and two fishes became multiplied, furnished a meal for five thousand people, suggestive of the power at hand requisite to furnish all needed resources of a mighty kingdom. What a king He would make! And they would be the chief office-holder in this kingdom. Peter would doubtless be made prime minister, John would become secretary of state, Judas secretary of the treasury, and the other disciples would be given other portfolios. What a setting for the revelation of truth destined to paralyze all these dreams of earthly supremacy on the part of the

disciples was that afforded by the triumphal entry of Jesus into Jerusalem!

The most famous highway leading into the eternal city, Rome, was known as the "Appian Way." Over this highway had marched Hannibal at the head of the very flower of the Carthaginian army, bent on the conquest of Rome. Up this highway came the flying messengers, announcing the result of the battle at Philippi — the fall of the republic. Over this highway came the noted prisoner, St. Paul, chained to the wrist of a Roman soldier, to be tried before Nero, whilst across the selfsame historic highway came the cohorts of Aurelius, accompanied by the noted captive, Zenobia, bound in golden chains.

But a more significant highway-to-be was that leading from Bethlehem to the holy city, Jerusalem, over which journeyed the Christ of God, on Palm Sunday to attend the feast of the Passover.

On the way, Jesus paused, and addressing two of the disciples, bade them proceed to a neighboring village, doubtless Bethpage, where they should find an ass's colt, and to loose and bring the colt to Him, telling them that if the owner objected to this procedure to say; "The Lord hath need of him." "The Lord hath need of him"— what an emphatic emphasis of

the sublime truth that, dominated by the regal spirit, the sons of men shall ever assume proprietorship of all that makes for the advancement of the interests of the kingdom; and that, conscious of the superior demands of this spirit of regality, all men shall gladly asquiesce.

Now the holy city, obscured by the shoulder of Mt. Olivet, hoves into view; the procession moves slowly downward into the Valley of Jehosophat, passes Gethsemane — when, as if by magic, the Master, in prophetic manner riding an ass's colt, accompanied by the disciples, is surrounded by surging multitudes, three millions strong, who have come up to attend the Passover; and crossing the brook Kedron they approach the gates of the city, when suddenly by common impulse the vast throng seems to have become obsessed by the character of the Christ, and in a voice resembling the sound of many waters cries out: "Hosanna, hosanna, blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord."

Now the scribes and Pharisees grind their teeth in rage, recognizing the fact that the crucial moment has arrived — that Jesus but needs to make a sign, utter a single syllable, and the crown of royalty shall rest upon His head. The desciples' joy of anticipation knows no bounds — the Master will be made king —

His loyal subjects are round about Him — their dreams of supremacy are at the point of fulfillment —

And lo, the Master turns away, refusing to avail Himself of the opportunity at hand, walking soberly into the temple, an act which proclaimed in tones louder than thunder crashing along the mountains of the skies that His kingdom is not of this world, dashing the hopes of temporal supremacy of His followers forever to the earth; whilst for the first time the real significance of His words, "The kingdom is within you," dawned upon them.

"The kingdom within"— henceforth this declaration is to become a world slogan, growing out of which shall be the sweetest music of earth or heaven, even the music of a world's redemption.

With souls enthralled by this music, the followers of the Master have witnessed "His pierced hand lifting the gates of empires off their hinges, turning the stream of centuries out of its channel," making possible that glorious by-product of modern civilization in which, in our God-blessed republic, every worthy citizen has become an uncrowned king. What an inspiration growing out of the procession of these uncrowned kings; the canal driver, the tanner, the rail splitter, "cutting their way

through poverty's gloomy woodland out into the open day" !

Walking beneath the shadow of that massive granite block known as Marshall Field's, Chicago, we are reminded of the dream of a poor young man entering the city to become a clerk in a second- or third-rate establishment, later a larger establishment; and by-and-by, as he walks or drives along the street, the captains of industry are found bowing very low, saying: "There goes the prince of merchants of the whole world." Now all trains crossing all continents are headed Marshall Field-ward; all ships sailing all seas are bound Marshall Field-ward; The Kingdom Within, THE KINGDOM WITHIN.

Some years ago the pastor of a large city church had as organist a famous German musician; and when, on occasion the pastor was not at his best, as a climax to the service he would beckon to the organist to take his place at the organ and furnish that climax. It was after the death of the universally loved President McKinley, who loved so much the hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light"— the hymn being made dearer to all our hearts by the singing of it at the time of the funeral of the martyred president, when the pastor at the close of his discourse beckoned to the organist, and, obeying,

be began improvising on the hymn alluded to. Softly the music came at first, stealing into all hearts and filling them with richest melody; and then the old musician began pulling out all the stops, turned on all the manuals of the great organ, and a great outburst of music, resembling the "circling of pyramidal crowns, the collision of crashing worlds," issued forth, and the large concourse of people sat spellbound.

When the music died away, even as the "dying away of the tempest," the pastor rushed across the platform, and encircling the old organist in his arms, gave utterance to the words leaping from all hearts: "Where did you get it?"

The great musician, every ounce of physical energy exhausted, sank down into a chair, and sat as in a trance for a moment; then, lifting his head, he murmured, "I thought I was in heaven."

And the pastor exclaimed, "You were in heaven, and we were all in heaven — but where did you get it?"

And the musician rose to his feet and modestly said, as he looked into the sea of faces before him: "I will try to answer the question of your pastor: forty years ago I had a dream — through the years I have builded my life into the fulfillment of this dream — and to-night it

was fulfilled." The Kingdom Within — THE KINGDOM WITHIN.

Greater still have been the triumphs in the spiritual realm as lives, dominated by the regal spirit, possessed of the kingdom within, have gone forth to give to the world the impact of consecrated lives.

In the days of spiritual apostasy in the Church of England, John Wesley, possessing the kingdom within, cried out: "The world is my parish," and Methodism, that regnant force which was destined to give to the world a heavenward tendency, was born.

Dominated by this selfsame regal spirit, possessed of the kingdom within, John Knox cried out: "Give me Scotland or I die," and God gave him Scotland.

Obsessed by the regal spirit of Him concerning whom it had been prophesied, "He shall not fail nor be discouraged till He have set judgment in the earth, and the isles shall wait for His law," good angels of light, clad in the robes of our humanity, have been found wending their way down into the heart of Africa, over into the jungles of India, and far out on the isles of the sea; in arms of love and mercy bearing the inhabitants back from a night-time of ignorance and superstition, to the "wayside inn" of heaven and eternal life.

II. THE CHARACTER OF THE REGAL SPIRIT

An analysis of the regal spirit is tantamount to an analysis of the character of the King. It is because of no taint, in word, thought, or deed of the Nazarene that the shadow of the cross has stretched across the centuries. Standing gazing upon this life of purity, friend and foe alike, with uncovered head, has exclaimed: "I find no fault in Him."

What is it that makes the flowers so beautiful? It is the utter absence of the taint of impurity.

What is it that warrants the high price paid for the choicest hardwoods with which we decorate our homes? It is freedom from "wind shakes" and taint of decay — impurity.

Why is it that fingers of steel grip either shore of East River, forming the famous Brooklyn Bridge, across which enormous traffic is carried on through the years? It is the absence of corroding rust — impurity of metal.

Why does the statesman, capable of wrestling with the weighty problems of state and nation, become stripped of the ermine of honor, position, and stamped with the seal of popular disapproval? It is because of the taint of avarice, greed, graft — impurity of life.

Why that tardy recognition of the gifts of

the brilliant intellect of a Poe? He himself has answered unwittingly in the words: "Quoth the raven nevermore." It is because his intellect was beclouded by the taint of the intoxicating bowl.

The world has with one accord decreed that the purest gem of earth is that of a pure womanhood. The basest of all men is he who places a low estimate upon the opposite sex, whilst no greater meed of praise can be given to any man than the simple statement that above everything else of an earthly character he loves and respects his wife and mother.

"God sought to give the sweetest thing in his almighty power
To earth; and deeply pondering what it should be —
One hour, in fondest joy and love of heart,
Outweighing every other,
He moved the gates of heaven ajar,
And gave to earth — a mother."

But whilst mother-love, as a scepter of supremacy, holds sway over the lives of strong men through the years, it is only because that love is struck through and through, even as the costliest gem, with purity. Be pure — for

"Not in the clamor of the crowded street,
Not in the shout and plaudit of the throng,
But in ourselves are victory and defeat."

Unselfishness. Another and dominating characteristic of the regal spirit is that of unselfishness. Ponder the lives of the really great characters of earth, and note how only the influence of those in which unselfishness has been the determining factor abides.

Perhaps one of the most spectacular characters in the military world was Napoleon. With a personality which amounted to magnetic power he bound men to him, whilst with an iron will all heretofore impregnable Alpine summits vanished, like mists of vapor in the presence of the noonday's sun.

Analyze the life of this peerless leader, and you will discover that the dream of his life was to make France supreme among the nations of the earth, and to place the scepter of supremacy among the nations of the earth in the hands of his immediate family. In a word, the ultimate and ignominious failure of Napoleon, dying on St. Helena's rocky shore without a friend to let fall a tear of sorrow on his grave, may be traced to the self-centered spirit dominating his life.

Place over against this life that of the Nazarene, the keynote of whose life was: "I came not to be ministered unto, but to minister;" and you have the secret to the triumph enabling him to "stamp his name upon the brow of the

hurrying centuries, and to baptize the nations of the earth with his birth."

Some few years since a number of prominent railway officials were gathered at Boone, Iowa, to pay a tribute of honor to a brave engineer.

On a certain memorable night this engineer took his place on his engine to make a record run, his train being the fastest on the great Northwestern System. During the run the engineer noted the fact that he had lost a few minutes, which he expected to make up at a certain point where there was a down grade. When he reached this point it was noticed that he was making eighty miles an hour, when suddenly there was an explosion, and engineer and fireman were hurled from their places by blinding steam and smoke, the engine becoming transformed into an inferno in which no man could remain and live.

When the engineer resumed consciousness he staggered to his feet, wondering how long he had lain there, and how near to danger they were, for the train was thundering along at a frightful pace, with no guiding hand on the throttle.

He made a futile attempt to regain the engine, but was driven back by scalding steam; then bravely he climbed over the coal bunker, and feeling his way along, at length arrived at

the express car, where he knocked on the door for admission, realizing that even now he was courting death, the messenger mistaking him for a train robber. At length, however, after what seemed to him to be an eternity of waiting, the door was thrown open, and he was looking into the barrels of two revolvers. In a moment the messenger recognized who it was, and the engineer had just time to stagger forward to the center of the car, pull the emergency brake — and as the train slowed down, fell in a swoon on his face, and the passengers were saved.

That was why those officials stood that day at his bedside, presenting to him the finest gold watch that money could buy, inscribed on the inside of one of the cases of which were the words: "To L. H. Shull for unselfish fidelity to duty, Jan. 5th, 1907."

The unselfish yielding up of ourselves to duty — this is the acid test of the regal spirit — a reflection of the spirit of the Christ.

SPIRITUAL POISE

" If Shakespeare were to come into this room, we would all rise up to meet him; but if Christ were to come into it, we should all fall upon our knees."

— Charles Lamb.

" Jesus was so firmly poised that under the pressure of the most venomous vituperation that has ever been hurled against a man he stood erect, unmoved and unmovable — his poise was divine."

— Jefferson.

" Christ being the holiest among the mighty, and the mightiest among the holy, lifted with his pierced hand empires off their hinges, turned the stream of centuries out of its channel, and still governs the ages."

— Jean Paul Richter.

" I find no fault in him at all."

— Pilate.

VI

SPIRITUAL POISE

Perhaps one of the most skillful acrobatic performances of the persent day is that known as "tight rope walking." For the successful achievement of this feat the acrobat must maintain a perfect physical poise, bringing every muscle of the body under perfect control.

Of greater significance than appears on the surface is this achievement; herein is embodied a principle, whose application in human experience makes for the largest success.

Note the application of this principle in the social world. Returning from a social function, you have said: "What a charming woman is Mrs. So and So; never ill at ease. She has the happy faculty of making all about her feel comfortable — in a word, her presence is a sufficient guarantee of an atmosphere congenial in character." And then perhaps, at the very next meeting of a similar character, you were disappointed beyond expression, causing you to murmur: "I think she is one of the most frigid creatures I have ever met."

What is the matter? Lack of poise, that is all.

Note also the application of this principle in the industrial world.

You have known men who were possessed of an abundance of energy, a perfect enthusiasm in their work, men of brain power, correct business methods, and, withal, a goodly amount of tact in dealing with their fellows. Some days you have found them to be a perfect bundle of good cheer — dame fortune has smiled benignly upon them, and everything has come their way. In response to an interrogation as to how they were getting on, with beaming countenances they have replied: "Oh, things are going swimmingly." And then, perchance the next time you meet them, you note an entire change of demeanor; stamped with the telltale lines of disappointment, reverse of fortune, etc., are their faces; they are up today and down tomorrow.

What is the matter? Lack of poise, that is all.

Who has not noted the effects of an absence of poise in the domestic world? Passing into the home of an acquaintance, you have become impressed by the atmosphere of good cheer: happiness and contentment, like twin sisters, sit jointly on the throne; the children are well

demeaned; the servants are all that could be desired; and you have gone away saying: "What an ideal home."

But on the occasion of your next visit you have been startled by an atmosphere resembling chaos; the children are cross and peevish; the servants bang the doors and frown, as they pass from room to room; the mistress of the home is ill at ease; and you are sure that the twin sisters of discontent and unhappiness have usurped the throne.

What is the matter? Lack of poise, that is all.

This selfsame principle applies in the spiritual realm. What pastor has not had an experience like this? Meeting a parishioner, he has been delighted to find him possessed of a spirit of exhilaration, a perfect spiritual enthusiasm, indicating that he is on the mountain-top; and then, perhaps, at the next meeting, with saddened spirit, he has noted the fact that a complete change has come over the man, that no longer is he dominated by the spirit of optimism, rather has he become transformed into "a prophet of despondency and complaint."

What is the matter? Lack of poise, that is all.

The absence of poise means the reversal of the

arithmetic of life; an addition of unrest; a subtraction of peace of mind, joy of heart and contentment of life; a multiplication of needless worry; and a division of that perfect equilibrium which men must possess in order to be at their best.

It was the day that you were not at your best that you dropped the unkind word, which robbed the dear ones at home of a whole day of happiness, and haunted you, through the long business hours, like a thief in the night. It was the day you were not at your best that you failed to make the most of a golden opportunity, causing you to charge up a considerable item to profit and loss.

To be at your best means to possess the touch of power responsible for all that is worth while in every sphere in life. Given the touch of power, and the poet shall write immortal dramas, the musician shall compose a great oratorio, the artist shall fling upon the canvas a masterpiece, the statesman shall evolve a solution to the vexed problem of state, the commanding general shall triumph at Appomattox and Waterloo, and the commonplace experience shall grow into the extraordinary.

I. THE WORLD'S GREATEST DEFORMITY

If you were to ask the wise man, "What is the world's greatest deformity?" he would answer, "An absence of perfect poise."

In the physical realm, metaphorically speaking, it is "the bruised reed and the smoking flax;" literally speaking, it is an absence of the use of one or more of our physical faculties. It is the rattle of the crutch of the cripple; the blind man feeling his way through life, aided by a cane; the hunchback who cannot hide his deformity.

In the intellectual world it is "the simple minded man," or the poor fellow from whose brow reason has fled the throne.

Some years ago the doorbell of a well-known divine rang one morning; answering it himself, he looked into the face of an entire stranger, whose sorrow smitten face indicated all to plainly that he was in need of sympathy.

The stranger was bidden to enter, and when he was seated, said: "I do not know your name, but I have been told that you are an ambassador of Christ, and I profess to be a follower of Him." And then, while tears trickled down his cheeks, the man continued, "I have just placed my sister in the hospital for the insane of your city — and — and "— the

sentence remained unfinished, whilst the man buried his face in his hands and sobbed as if his heart would break, and the clergyman silently wept with him, knowing that every time the door of that building opened to admit a new patient a fresh tragedy was enacted.

By-and-by the man regained his composure, and turning to the man of God said: "I thought maybe sometimes you would be kind enough to visit her," and receiving assurance that he would be glad to do so, the man went away comforted.

Is there any greater deformity known to our humanity than that of an absence of poise such as I have indicated in the intellectual world? There is.

What is that deformity? It is the absence of poise in the spiritual realm.

Perhaps the most forcible illustration to be found anywhere touching the absence of spiritual poise, or spiritual deformity, is that contained in the two-fold word picture painted by the apostle Paul, in which he holds up the carnal nature, devoid of all the graces of the spirit, and then throws over against this the picture of the renewed spirit, in whose life are found the fruits of the spirit.

It is as if Paul had gathered together the blackness of a thousand night-times to be used

as a background, whilst with colorings indicative of tear-stained faces, prematurely whited locks, deeply ploughed furrows of care, and bleeding, broken hearts, he has painted this picture: "adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, emulation, wrath, strife, seditions, envyings, murderers, drunkenness and revelings."

And gazing upon this picture, the soul starts back in terror, crying out: "Paul, why did you paint this picture?"

And Paul answers, "That I might represent in toto spiritual deformity — an absence of spiritual poise."

And the soul cries out: "Paul, give us the other side of the picture. Hurry up, Paul; if you do not do so, I will go mad with an agony of spirit."

And the great apostle hastens to throw upon the canvas of inspiration the other side of the picture. For a background, he utilizes the light and glory of a thousand sunrises, whilst in this setting he paints, in colorings of entangled rainbows and pinioned sunsets, this picture: "love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, meekness, goodness, faith and temperance."

And the soul, overwhelmed at the sight, exclaims, "Paul, why did you paint this picture?"

And Paul answers, "That I might typify the utter absence of spiritual deformity — perfect spiritual poise."

There are moments in life when time ceases to be a factor — when the soul, standing on some inspiration point, enthralled, as he feasts his eyes on a glorious panorama or mighty canyon, becomes intoxicated on the wine of nature's beauty; it is even so as we gaze upon this twofold picture painted by the apostle, the glory of the latter being enhanced as we turn away from the former, reminding us of the experience of the unregenerate soul who has passed from nature's darkness out into the marvelous light and liberty of the new birth.

And yet we should not lose sight of the fact that the sheen of the sun can never equal the sun itself — let us look at the sun.

II. THE POISE OF CHRIST

By the poise of Christ I mean the embodiment of all those graces of the spirit, all those moral excellencies, which make for perfect manhood, since Christ was the one perfect Man who ever trod this earth.

The world has been enriched and blessed by men possessed of high ideals, men, who perforce of weakness of the flesh have never attained unto

their ideal. Jesus was in Himself, is in Himself, the world's ideal, by reason of the fact that He is the embodiment of all those things which make for perfection. Gazing upon His life, pondering the utterances falling from His lips, the mighty works performed by Him, friends and foes alike unite in declaring: "I find no fault in him."

Men have sought to develop, have developed in a large degree, the spirit of nobility, as a result of which their fellows, standing at the open grave, have paid them this high compliment: "These men made the world better by living in it." Jesus was in Himself the source and fountain head of nobility; no finger has ever been laid upon an ignoble thought, word or deed connected with His life.

Beautiful in character is the spirit of philanthropy dominating the lives of men, responsible for the various eleemosynary institutions, the haven of the impotent and poor of the earth; but every asylum for the poor and needy points backward to the fountain-head of all philanthropy, to Him who said: "The poor ye have always with you." Like a venerable gulf stream, sympathy, the outgoing of human hearts to those in need, is found flowing adown the vales of human experience, giving rise to

the old adage: "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." And yet we know that there is such a thing as misplaced sympathy.

Jesus was in Himself the source of this gulf stream of sympathy; as the sympathizer and friend of our humanity, His heart is ever found beating in sympathetic throb with every real heartache and heartbreak. Possessed of perfect wisdom and an unerring spirit of discrimination, no deception may be successfully practiced upon Him.

For forty centuries the Jews had been the conservators of the faith; but owing to narrowness of vision and a self-centered temperament, their faith never extended beyond the horizon of their own nation.

Jesus came to exemplify a faith that "thinks in continents," embracing all mankind. One of the hardest tasks assumed by Him in the development of His disciples was that of breaking down the prejudice and bias of four thousand years' standing, broadening their spiritual horizon; hence the vision given to Peter on the housetop of Simon the tanner, in which the four corners of the sheet let down from heaven were made to typify the four corners of the earth. Hence also the vision given to Paul, in which the hand stretched out across the sea was made to symbolize the outstretched hand of the

heathen world, crying: "Come over and help us."

Growing out of this self-centered spirit in the secular world was found the hated spirit of *caste*. Jesus came to exemplify the spirit of a true democracy, to propagate the twofold doctrine of "the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man." Unlike other teachers who preceded Him and who have succeeded Him, the doctrines which Jesus enunciated were never circumscribed by local conditions; His constituency embraced all nations and peoples.

Seeking to compass His overthrow by entangling Him in His words, the Pharisees, narrow and bigoted in temperament, came asking this question: "Is it lawful to give tribute to Cæsar, or not?"

Note the cunning of the wording of this question. If He answered, "Yes," then the Jews, vassals of Rome and smarting under the humiliation of imposed tribute, would have turned against Him; if He answered, "No," then all the hounds of Rome had "been hot upon His trail."

See then the perfect poise of this World Teacher as He called for a penny and, holding it in His hand, inquired: "Whose is this image and superscription?" They answered, "Cæsar's." Jesus answered: "Render unto Cæsar

the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's." And the Pharisees were forever silenced.

Then came the scribes, propounding this question: "Master, which is the first and great commandment?" Jesus answered: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, with all thy mind and with all thy strength, and thy neighbor as thyself." Quick as a flash came the retort: "Who is my neighbor?" And on the impulse of the moment this perfectly poised Teacher formulated the parable of the "Good Samaritan," in which He administered a stinging rebuke to the nation which for forty centuries had been passing by the heathen world, as they were made to look upon the "Good Samaritan" unmindful of the fact that the man in need was his hated rival, and mindful only of the fact that a man in need appealed to him for help. And the scribes were effectually silenced.

Perhaps the sublimest utterance falling from the lips of this perfectly poised Teacher is this: "I came not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

After fasting in the wilderness for a period of forty days, the tempter, Satan, approached Him, saying: "If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread."

Jesus answered: "It is written, man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word which proceedeth out of the mouth of God"; emphasizing the fact that heavenly manna has ever been provided for those who are faithful to the trust committed to them, and that enduement of power never spells license to use this power for selfish purposes.

How the pulse beat is silenced and the heart made to stand still as we see the Christ, suspended on the cross, paying the ultimate penalty of human sin; as we behold chief priests, scribes and Pharisees, joined by friends of hell, falling before Him in mock derision, saying: "He saved others, Himself He canot save"; causing another to exclaim: "Eternal justice, where were thy thunderbolts; angels of God, where were ye encamped, or how restrained?"

And Jesus, lifting His sorrow-smitten face, looked up and replied: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

In Boardman's "Problem of Jesus" may be found this comprehensive summary of the excellencies embodied in the poise of Jesus:

"He was faultless, without dullness; patriotic, without partisanship; courteous, without hollowness; dignified, without stiffness; calm, without stolidity; frank, without effusiveness; chivalrous, without rashness; aggressive, without pugnacity;

conciliatory, without sycophancy; prudent, without timeserving; modest, without self-depreciation; gracious, without condescension; just, without severity; lenient, without laxity; patient, without stoicism; self-conscious, without self-conceit; heroic, without coarseness; sympathetic, without connivance; stern, without censoriousness; indignant, without bitterness; forgiving, without feebleness; trustful, without improvidence; diversified, without contrariety — in a word perfect, without unnaturalness."

With such a Saviour, the world may well join in this coronation hymn:

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all."

THE VICARIOUS CONTRIBUTION

"A man was born, not for prosperity; but to suffer for the benefit of others, like the rock maple, which all around our village bleeds for the service of man."

—Emerson.

"The florist sacrifices ninety-nine buds, in order to obtain one American Beauty; in like manner countless lives must be builded into a full-fledged, redeemed manhood."

—L.

"Everything cries out to us that we must renounce. Thou must go without. That is the everlasting song which every hour, all our life through, hoarsely sings to us: die and come to life; for so long as this is not accomplished thou art but a troubled guest upon an earth of gloom."

— Goethe.

"Who for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God."

— Hebrews, 12:2.

VII

THE VICARIOUS CONTRIBUTION

Stamped upon the face of all creation is the law of vicarious contribution, making it obligatory upon every phase of creative genius, and, reverently speaking, upon the Creator Himself, bound by the law which He has become responsible for, to give, give largely, give with prodigal hand, even to the limit of life itself, in order to existence.

One of the good old hymns of the church which the "saints" were wont to sing with swing of conquest is more than suggestive of the vital importance of an observance of this law:

> "There is a fountain filled with blood,
> Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
> And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
> Lose all their guilty stains."

What precious memories are awakened of the days of auld lang syne when, with sinners bowed at the altars of prayer, consecrated souls, with old-time fervor surging up through heart and

brain, sang this hymn, until the heavens bowed down and souls were born of God!

Is it true that in these later days we are growing away from the "old paths" of power, and are found leaning more to the "letter" than to the "spirit" of the law?

Is it true that the sneer of a well-known divine, declaring that the "blood theory" is "grewsome, in bad taste to refined souls," is having effect upon pulpit and pew of to-day?

Whether this be so or not, we need not go far afield to learn that the law of vicarious contribution, the so-called "blood theory," is of universal application, carrying with it the penalty of failure to exist where refusal of compliance is registered.

I. THE VICARIOUS CONTRIBUTION IN THE PHYSICAL REALM

With prodigality of contribution the flowers give out their beauty and fragrance, give until there is no more to give. And suppose they were to withhold their offerings; with tightly closed petals should exclaim: "We will keep for our own use our beauty and fragrance;" then would they become blighted, wither, die, since the law of living is giving.

With similar prodigality the sun gives out light and heat; across vast abysses of space the

center of the solar universe, the sun, pours out contributions of light and heat, supplying not alone our world, but other worlds as well.

But suppose the sun were to refuse to give, were to close up his bowels of compassion, saying, "I will retain for my own use my light and heat," what then? "Then," you say, "our world would become barren, dormant; every living, creeping, walking, flying, swimming animal of earth and sea and sky, including all forms of vegetable creation, would be consigned to a common charnel house of death."

Well, that is true, but it is not all the truth; for if the sun were to refuse to give out light and heat, were to hug to his bosom all his light and heat, the sun would explode, burn up, perforce, of his refusal to give. Seated by the open grate on cold winter evenings, we are wont to dream after the fashion of Mr. Hawthorne, finding ourselves carried back in thought to the time when primeval forests covered all the land, whose foliage through the long summer days drank in rays of sunlight, and in the autumnal period took on the colorings of crimson and gold, symbolical of the red blood of sacrifice, whilst, kissed by the autumn breeze, these leaves are seen falling in banks of golden foliage to the earth — the process continuing for who can tell how many ages?

By-and-by, when the acids and gases have done their work, down beneath the earth's surface are found great beds of coal, which the miner brings forth, and, flinging the coal into the open grate, we are minded of the fact that the heat and light proceeding from the same are but the liberated rays of sunlight.

But who among us is possessed of sufficient temerity to accuse Hawthorne of promulgating "a grewsome theory"?

Some years ago, when a denizen of the far west, I often found myself traversing the "Paloose and Big Bend" country, Washington, where one becomes minded of the words of Geikie: "The vales are the beneficiaries of the mountains." And though the fields of waving, golden grain ready for the garner in this section of country, perhaps one of the most fertile in our whole domain, present a picture inspiring in character, more inspiring still is the contemplation of Geikie, who, in speaking of another fertile section of the world, tells us that "the vast composts of the mountains are swelled by the summer's heat, split open by the winter's frosts, pulverized and swept down into the vales by the springtime rains and melting snows to enrich the vales," the mountains literally becoming impovished for the enrichment of the vales.

But who has heard of anybody charging Geikie with promulgating "a grewsome theory"?

It was after several weeks' drought in eastern Tennessee, during which the leaves of trees had become brown and sear, the stalks of corn "sun fried," that a million voices of nature were heard pleading piteously for rain. Then the great orb of light, the sun, whispered to the ocean, the great deep smiled assent, and with huge golden dippers the sun lifted the waters of the sea into the waiting carriers, the clouds; and the clouds, scurrying over mountains, hills and vales, deposited their precious burden upon the parched earth.

And now — didn't you hear the music of these selfsame million of voices of nature, transformed into so many voices of praise, sending up a *Te Deum* of thanksgiving to the Giver of every good and perfect gift?

Maybe you did not hear the music; there are so many of us who, "having eyes, see not, and ears, hear not;" so many who fail to get the significance of the words of the poet:

> "There seems a voice in every gale,
> A tongue in every flower,
> Which tells, O Lord, the wondrous tale
> Of Thine almighty power."

But suppose the ocean were to refuse the re-

quest of the sun to give of her waters to refreshen the parched earth, should say, "I have need of all my waters; it is mine to furnish a highway of the deep, a world highway, across which may tramp great steamers carrying on the world's traffic; it is mine to furnish great harbors with water, where steamers may lie at anchor and numberless row-boats and tugboats may sag in my waters; I cannot spare water for the parched earth beyond my own confines," — what then?

Then would the clouds evaporate, their mission at an end; the rivulets and brooks would no longer laugh on their way; the rivers would be dried up; the great harbors would become empty —"no water to wander along the undulating shore lines, filling all the place with the green, brackish wonder of the deep;" aye, then, the source of supply cut off, the ocean itself would become a vast pool of pestilence-breeding odors, since giving is the law of being.

Bending over the full-blown and blushing rose, looking through Tyndall's eyes, we may see the dewdrop in the early morn reposing in the heart of the rose, in which "is sheathed enough electric power to charge 100,000 Leyden jars, enough to blow up the House of Parliament." But nobody, to my knowledge, has

summoned up sufficient courage to charge Tyndall with promulgating "a grewsome theory."

Looking through Faraday's eyes, we are reminded that in order to obtain "the coloring and delicious flavor of a single strawberry, enough energy of the sun is consumed to drive an engine from London to Liverpool, or from Chicago to Detroit." And yet I feel quite sure Faraday never lost any sleep over the cruel charge that he was guilty of promulgating a theory repulsive to the refined taste of his fellows.

II. THE VICARIOUS CONTRIBUTON IN THE INTELLECTUAL WORLD

Standing gazing upon a library of well selected books, historical, literary, biographical, philosophical, scientific, etc., in character, have you asked the question, "How much did this library cost?"

If you had reference to the cost of the materials, the printing, binding, etc., your question is an insignificant one, for that is a mere bagatelle, an inconsiderable item of expense. But if you refer to what it cost the authors of these books, pouring out brain sweat — that is another matter.

How much did it cost the author of Milton's "Paradise Lost," incarcerated behind walls of

total blindness, to produce the immortal work which bears his name?

How much did it cost Tennyson to write "In Memoriam"? For answer you must sit with him, through long vigils of loneliness and heartbreak, listening to the drip, drip, drip of human blood, as he contemplates the "loved one" from whose brow reason had fled the throne.

How much did it cost Emerson to write the words: "The times are the masquerades of the eternities, the receptacle in which the past leaves its history, the quarries out of which the present is building up the future"?

Did you think this was a mere poetical effusion flung out in moments of "mental playfulness"? Not so. If you would know the real cost of any one of the real gems of poetic truth, you must watch the author burning the midnight oil, casting and recasting the choice phrase a thousand times, until the gold of intellectual worth is produced to enrich human lives.

See, then, this "intellectual millionaire," who has climbed hand over hand up the ladder of intellectual fame, until, having reached the topmost rundle, he becomes capable of formulating symbolisms of truth whose unfolding shall become the delight of those possessed of the larger vision. Aye, see Emerson, possessed of the larger vision himself, as he ponders "the times

— the masquerades of the eternities "— literally the world stage on which every man, woman and child of earth performs his part; see him as, with enlarging vision, he catches sight of the toilers of the past come trooping up, like so many school children, with arms laden with flowers, flinging their treasure-troves at our feet, forming a receptacle for a world product; aye, see him as, with mighty sweep of vision, he looks out into the future and beholds the sublimer structure, fame, honor, character, manhood, womanhood, the sublime achievements of those who have utilized the materials at hand — " the quarry out of which the present is building up the future."

How much did it cost Lincoln to scribble on the back of an envelope, riding along on the train — having hurried away from the exacting duties of the chief magistrate of our nation in the most trying hours through which our nation has ever passed — how much did it cost him to formulate the outline of that greatest patriotic oration which has ever been delivered, the oration delivered at Gettysburg?

If you would know all the cost you must stand where the old soldiers of our united republic recently stood, the blue and the gray, in the reunion at Gettysburg the past year, and recall the awful struggle, " the hell of shot and shell,"

through which they passed, in order that our Republic might remain intact.

The renowned, lamented southern orator and author, Henry W. Grady, was wont to say: "If I wanted my boy to learn the meaning of this republic, I would lead him to the foot of Bunker Hill monument, and there, seated beneath the shadow of that mighty shaft, I would recite to him the story of the men who came up to the altar of a nation's sacrifice, laying thereon their all in order to save the republic itself."

How much did it cost to write the book of books? Who will undertake the herculean task of estimating the cost of patriarchal faith and prophetic vision, the cost of heroes and martyrs, poets and statesmen — characters "lofty and lowly, noble and ignoble" making up the materials woven into the Old Testament Scriptures — not to speak of God's greatest gift to men, responsible for the impoverishment of heaven for the enrichment of earth, even the gift of His only begotten Son of New Testament narrative?

Only when some archangel of the world of light shall rise up in yonder world of light to tell of the cost of tears grown into mighty rivers; of groans grown into sound resembling that of thunders crashing along the mountains of the skies; of the tension of heartbreak which

on Calvary's summit caused this world to shudder — rocks being jostled out of their places," the great orb of light, the sun, wheeling his chariot of illumination backward from the scene, refusing to look upon the sun of righteousness from whom he had borrowed his rays of light, sinking beneath a horizon of mingled darkness, death and blood whilst the bending sympathies of heaven let fall a tear — shall we be able to grip this stupendous thought, the cost of writing of God's revelation to men.

III. THE VICARIOUS CONTRIBUTION IN THE SPIRITUAL REALM

We have already indicated that the Author of the law of vicarious contribution must Himself be subject to the application of that law in fulfillment of the relation which He sustains to the children of men. Amazed and dazed, we stand gazing upon the actual application in His sacrificial offering.

Again and again have we reverted in thought to the sacrifice of Abraham who, by common consent, has outdistanced all his fellows in offering up Isaac, his only son, at Mt. Moriah. Staggering under the very burden of contemplation, we have followed him on that lonely journey of three days and nights — days and nights so long to him that it would seem as if he must

have gripped in all its significance the meaning of the words: "A thousand years are but as one day, and one day as a thousand years." And when at last the place appointed has been reached, and the little lad inquired of him: "Father, the altar is here, the wood for the offering is at hand, but where is the offering?" it must have been like a blade of anguish plunged into his vitals and turned round.

When the lad was tied to the altar, and his hand held the gleaming blade raised to slay his son — and his hand was paralyzed a moment, long enough for God to indicate the real offering yonder, caught in the thicket — I have thought I could see the air growing heavy and Abraham, staggering under the awful strain, falling in a swoon to the earth.

Why did God require such a sacrifice at the hands of mortal man? Maybe you answer, "In order that he might become 'the father of the faithful,' whose seed should become 'numerous as the sands of the seashore.'"

Well, that may be true, but I have thought that even more important than this was the symbol growing out of the sacrifice of Abraham — the symbol of the sacrifice of the All-Father in the offering of an only begotten Son to die for sinful man.

Give to imagination a free rein; traverse the

unknown ages lying between "the beginning" when, at the utterance of the almighty fiat, worlds trembled into being, and the time when the angelic choir, supplemented by morning stars dancing together, chanted the annunciation song: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good will among men; for unto you this day is born in the city of David, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord." And as you ponder this vigil of the ages and the heartbreak of God, you will be able to sing as never before:

"In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round His head sublime."

And shall the church fail to learn the significance of this sacrificial offering, the value of the vicarious contribution?

An engineer, held in high esteem by his employers, was called upon one dark night to make a record run. A strange presentiment took possession of him, causing him with assumed playfulness to enter the sleeping-chamber of his wife and little one four times to hug and kiss them good-night.

With train running sixty miles an hour, in making a curve in the road he saw another train

approaching him — a sleepy signal man had erred. He might have jumped and saved his life, but did not do so; whistling down brakes and reversing the engine, in a moment the awful crash came which snuffed out his life — but he had saved the lives of a hundred passengers asleep in Pullman cars behind him.

And you ask, "Was it necessary to make such a sacrifice?"

And we answer, "If he could not do so, he was unworthy ever to have pulled a throttle."

Why should we not expect to find a similar fidelity in the church of God?

A faithful minister of the gospel, who had builded his best talent into the church he was serving without stint, but without avail, for an indifferent church made impotent all his efforts, stood bravely at his post, even when he knew that his physical and mental forces were waning. By-and-by that heartless church asked for his resignation, that another might take his place. It was the "last straw," and he staggered back into the sacred circle of loved ones and died.

And you ask: "Was it necessary for him to make such a sacrifice in the face of such indifference?"

And I reply: "If he could not do so, he was not worthy to stand as an ambassador of Him

'who for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God.'"

The vicarious contribution at the hands of the man of God and the church at large — this is the supreme requirement requisite to hastening the chariot wheels of salvation and the ushering in of the millennium.

THE SUPREMACY OF JESUS CHRIST

"Men with empires in their brains."

—Lowell.

"No bird can race in the great blue sky against a noble soul."

—Swing.

"All men love Napoleon because he is themselves in possibility."

—Emerson.

"For I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified."

—St. Paul.

"Who for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross, despising the shame and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God."

—Hebrews, 12:2.

VIII

THE SUPREMACY OF JESUS CHRIST

We are all familiar with the old adage: "Hitch your wagon to a star." In terms of derision a literalist has declared: "The most insane act of which any man could be guilty would be the attempt to follow the advice of this adage;" for said he, "Any intelligent man knows that the orbs on high revolve with such rapidity as to dazzle the calculating mind, making it impossible to get within a million miles of hitching distance to a star, whilst, if by any possibility of chance the man should succeed in hitching his wagon to a star, both he and the wagon would be whisked into oblivion in the smallest possible fraction of a second."

Now it goes without saying that such a man is unworthy of being reasoned with — that it would be a clear case of "casting pearls before swine." What is meant by the adage is that, in order to obtain the largest success in life, man must have a high ideal towards which he must constantly press.

The man in the legal world who would make a

record in his chosen profession must not be content to be an ordinary barrister, to get on somehow, satisfied if he can keep the wolf from the door; he must resolve to stand at the head of his profession, to earn $50,000 a year; no matter at what cost, to climb to the topmost rundle in the legal ladder.

The man who would accomplish the largest success in the industrial world must resolve to become a captain of industry, to associate himself with leading spirits in the industrial world, whose combined efforts shall make for "a greater New York," a greater city — the city in which he has elected to take up his abode.

The world has no patience with the man possessed of low ideals who is content to eke out a living; but the world's heart is thrilled at the sight of a man in whose blood is the iron of determination, and whose heart beats like a trip hammer as he engages in the upward climb. Dominated by such impulses, we are not surprised at the fact that men have succeeded in wresting down the secrets of the stars, in transforming the deep into a world highway across which may tramp ships of commerce, in encircling the globe, with a thread-like track of wire around which to flash tiny, invincible cars of harnessed lightnings, binding and blending the world into a huge whispering gallery in which

the inhabitants of other nations become our next-door neighbors.

Nor have these triumphant achievements been confined to the temporal world; actuated by a similar impulse, in the spiritual realm, bold, restless spirits have marched towards the goal of success. Thus we see Moses marching up a flaming Sinai, into the immediate presence of the great "I am that I am," receiving the tablets of law at His hands — the law which has formed the bases for all law down the centuries. We behold Abraham, going forth he knows not whither at the command of God, who later becomes known as "the father of the faithful, whose seed is as numerous as the sands of the seashore." We look upon a Paul, once a bigoted, self-centered pupil, seated at the feet of Gamaliel, going forth to persecute the disciples of Christ, but returning to write the world's theology, establish the Christian church in the world's strategic centers, and inaugurate a worldwide missionary movement, becoming easily the foremost apostle of Jesus Christ.

Inquiring as to the source of the inspiration of such men as the great apostle, we hear him exclaiming: "For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ and him crucified." To Paul, Jesus Christ stood for the highest and the best in the spiritual realm;

He was the greatest among the great, the noblest among those whose lives were dominated by ennobling principles; He was not merely the gulf stream of sympathy, flowing humanity-ward, He was the fountain-head whence all streams of sympathy emanate; He was not merely an exemplification of "a love past finding out," He was love itself; He was not only a holy, mighty man, He was the "holiest among the mighty, and the mightiest among the holy." Paul could not be satisfied with hitching his spiritual wagon to a star; he must needs hitch his wagon to the Creator of all the stars.

What an ideal for all the children of men to become obsessed by. Approaching a little closer to Paul's ideal, let us in brief analysis ponder this theme of themes, "The Supremacy of Jesus Christ."

I. JESUS A WORLD INSTRUCTOR

And first let us study Jesus in the rôle of a World Instructor. As such we will do well to notice how He stressed the most vital phases of human life, always "putting first things first."

He has been called The "Great Physician," not because He gave himself up primarily to the task of healing the bodies of men. This He did, but always incidentally, and in response to the demand of the Oriental mind seeking spec-

tacular evidence of His divine character. In order to meet this demand, we find strewn all along His pathway spectacular performances. On the occasion of His advent into the world "the morning stars danced together," whilst an angelic choir chanted the annunciation song: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good will among men; for unto you this day is born in the city of David a Savior which is Christ the Lord."

When formally inducted into office in His baptism, a voice out of a cloud was heard saying "This is my beloved Son, hear Him."

Five thousand people were fed upon five loaves and two fishes, literally five barley crackers and the two dried herring which a little lad had brought as a noonday's snack and had forgotten to eat, under the spell which the World Instructor cast upon all the people.

Reclining in a little ship on the bosom of storm-tossed Gennesaret, in response to the appeal of His disciples, saying, "Lord, carest thou not that we perish?" He simply spake to the howling winds and roaring waves, saying, "Peace, be still," and the winds and waves were rocked to sleep.

When the outstretched hand of the woman in the throng which jostled Him touched the hem

of His garment, and she was healed of the issue of blood of a number of years' standing — one who had been pronounced an "incurable" by attending physicians — in feigned expression of surprise He turned about, exclaiming: "Who touched me?"

When Roman soldiers came to arrest Him in the Garden of Gethsemane, He simply looked them in the face and they fell backward in awe of His power.

The most spectacular scene in all His ministry was witnessed on Golgotha when, as He gave up the ghost, rocks were jostled out of their places, the veil of the temple was rent in twain, whilst the "great orb of light, the sun, wheeled its chariot of illumination backward from the scene, refusing to look upon the sun of righteousness from whom he had borrowed his rays of light, sinking beneath a commingled horizon of darkness, death and blood."

Spectacular in character were all the mighty miracles performed by Him, furnishing indisputable evidence of the divine character of their Author, and — I repeat — all of these were incidental; the healing of the sick, the curing of the blind, the unstopping of the ears of the deaf, and the raising of the dead were never intended as proofs of His ability to heal the bodies of men and women — the real mission of

Jesus Christ in the earth was to heal the souls of men.

Leaving a hospital one day after visiting an inmate, I turned to the attending physician standing in the hall, and in reply to my question he shook his head sadly, saying: "A hopeless case; the medical world has never found a remedy for diseases like hers."

Had Jesus seen fit thus to do, He might have drawn aside the curtains of mystery, revealing a cure for all the ills of life, but He did not do so. Why? He did not do so because here is found the field of operation of the medical fraternity, which has made rapid strides in the conquest of disease and by-and-by will be masters of the situation; Jesus came to work in a higher sphere — the sphere in which He alone was supreme, hence His title, "The Great Physician."

Had Jesus seen fit thus to do, He might have thrown back the bolts, unlocking all doors — "doors of oak, doors of iron, doors of brass" — revealing all the secrets belonging to the scientific world, discovering to men, not in the twentieth century but in the first century, the X-ray, bloodless surgery, wireless telegraphy, the aeroplane, radium, etc., whose introduction has caused the characterization of the age in which we live as "the age of ages;" more than

that, He might have given an additional flood of revelation such as, in future ages, should convince the world that the inhabitants of the twentieth century had but reached the borderland of ultimate triumph in the scientific world, but He did not do so. Why? He did not do so because herein lies the legitimate sphere of men whose task is the accomplishment of these triumphs; His work lay in a higher realm — the spiritual realm — and He adhered strictly to His task.

Superior to wireless telegraphy, through the use of which the White Star Liner, disabled on the high seas, whispered out through the blackness of the night and across the tempest-tossed waves the story of her mishap, and other vessels several hundreds of miles distant whispered back that, as fast as steam power could bear them, they were on their way to succor her, was that revelation of a medium of communication, through which a lost world may whisper up in the ear of God the story of their helpless estate, and the great God may whisper back messages of help and hope and heaven.

Outrivaling radium, a single speck of which is more powerful than a ten thousand horse-power derrick, was the revelation of spiritual power destined to "bind the whole round earth in chains of gold about the feet of God."

Of greater penetration than the X-ray, which locates any foreign substance lodged in the human body, was the revelation of that all-seeing eye which looks down into the human heart, discerning the secret motives of all men everywhere.

As a World Instructor Christ came to deal with the great eternal truths — God, the soul, a boundless heaven and a fathomless hell — truths with which He alone was competent to deal.

II. THE SUPREMACY OF THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST

Not only was Christ supreme as a World Instructor. He came to invest His church with a gospel which should be supreme, meeting every exigency of life and experience, saving to the uttermost all who come to Him by faith.

Somewhere I have found this beautiful and forcible illustration, touching the supremacy of the gospel of Christ:

"When Mahomet sees a soul lying at the foot of the hill of difficulty, he exclaims, 'It is the will of Allah.'

"When Buddha sees a soul lying at the foot of the hill of difficulty, gazing wistfully towards the temple Beautiful surmounting the top of the hill,

he says, 'When you have passed through a thousand incarnations you may begin to climb the hill of difficulty towards the temple Beautiful.'

"When Confucius sees a soul lying at the foot of the hill of difficulty he says, 'If I had seen you ere you fell, I could have told you how to keep from falling down the hill.'

"But when Christ sees a soul at the foot of the hill of difficulty, He hastens down the hill, throws the arms of infinite love about that one, bears him to the top of the hill of difficulty, and together they enter the temple Beautiful, the man 'leaping and walking and praising God.'"

Dr. Dawson, in "The Evangelistic Note," tells of a twofold vision of the human soul. He says: "There is what is known as the microscopic vision of human life, and there is what is known as the telescopic vision."

Looking through the microscope the pessimistic soul sees frailty, mistakes, follies, etc., and cries out, "That is man." And so it is, for who is not conscious of frailty — does not know that man is "as the grass of the field, which in the morning groweth up and flourisheth, and in the evening is cut down and withereth." Who among us is not conscious of mistakes and failures and human follies? But now let us look through the telescope — get the telescopic vision of a human soul; and we "see

man in relation to the stars, to the immensity of space, to the music of the spheres."

Note the application of the gospel of supremacy in the lives of men in the time of Christ. See John, originally a veritable Boanerges, a son of thunder; under the impact of the influence of the gospel of Christ, John becomes transformed into a type of clinging tenderness —"the disciple whom Jesus loved."

Behold Peter, the vacillating disciple, impulsive, unreliable, always getting into trouble himself and dragging other people into trouble through his rash words and deeds. See him over yonder in the testing time denying his Lord thrice, with a bitter oath upon his lips, saying, "I never knew the man." But a little later see Peter, for there is such a thing as Peter in possibility; and now he has become possessed of an oaken character, firm as a rock, whose faith in the Christ, the Master declares shall form the foundation of His church, against which not even the gates of hell shall prevail.

Look upon the woman taken in an unnamable sin, upon whom the world turns its back, hypocritical society looks askance, and from whom even the church turns away, crying out: "Unclean, unclean, away with her, away with her." But under the impact with the gospel of Christ — for the Christ looked down beneath the sur-

face, beneath her sin and shame, and beheld His own image, marred by transgression, but still His image — under the impact of the gospel of Christ she becomes uplifted out of self and sin and the world into fellowship and communion with Himself, a jewel destined to adorn His crown of rejoicing.

Really great souls are ever held in the grip of a mighty sweep of vision. Having crossed the Rubicon, Cæsar sent to his home congress the graphic message: "*Veni, vidi, vici* — I came, I saw, I conquered." This was but the first milestone in the journey; a little later, as the head of a powerful triumvirate, Cæsar shall sway the scepter of supremacy over the mighty Roman empire, and dream of the time when he shall occupy a place among the gods, and enjoy the perpetual worship of the citizens at Rome.

The dream of Cæsar was never fulfilled because it was actuated by self-centered motives. But the unselfish dream of the Galilean, the Author of the gospel of supremacy, is being fulfilled: "He shall not fail nor be discouraged till He hath set judgment in the earth, and the isles shall wait for His law."

In the days when Spain had reached supremacy among the nations of the earth, having become possessed of the Gibraltar, in a moment

of triumph she caused to be inscribed within a scroll on her national coins the words, "*Ne plus ultra* — no more beyond." But after one of her own sons, Columbus, discovered America, destined to become the greatest republic beneath the sun, in humiliation Spain was compelled to strike the negation from her coins, leaving the more significant declaration: "*Plus ultra* — more beyond, more beyond."

In like manner the foes of the glorious gospel of the Son of God have again and again imagined they have erected a veritable Gibraltar of opposition to the further progress of the chariot of salvation, and in tones of triumph have cried out: "*Ne plus ultra* — no more beyond." But the chariot of salvation has moved steadily forward, and by-and-by the redeemed of the Lord shall look upon the eternal city — shall feast their eyes upon the vision of an unending progression, and shall shout in tones of triumph: "More beyond, more beyond."

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun, does His
successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore, till
moons shall wax and wane no more."

The supremacy of the gospel, THE SUPREMACY OF GOSPEL.

"THE LAND OF ROOM ENOUGH"

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun,
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more."

"America is but another name for opportunity, whose whole history seems to be a last effort of a divine providence in behalf of the human race."

— Emerson.

"When Spain came into possession of the Gibraltar, in a moment of triumph she caused to be inscribed on her coins the words '*Ne plus ultra* — no more beyond'; but when the bold explorer discovered the new world, in humiliation she was compelled to strike from her coin the negation, leaving instead the more significant declaration '*Plus ultra* — more beyond.'"

— Anon.

"Thou hast set my feet in a large room."

— Psalm, 31:8.

IX

"THE LAND OF ROOM ENOUGH"

It had been a glorious journey from start to finish — a journey under ten flags — riding in the heart of the deep for more than 14,000 miles, penetrating the domain of historic centers, enthralled by the glamour of cities whose ruins are suggestive of former greatness, learning perfectly "the sign language," that we might converse with heterogeneous peoples, and becoming possessed of an enriched experience obtainable only when "on the wing of travel."

To be sure, we had not failed to tarry at Rome, once the center of the world's political power; at Athens, the former center of intellectual power; at Egypt, the home of the Pharaohs, the great Sphinx and pyramids — not to speak of the Nile — of Palestine, that little strip of mountainous country that could easily be lost in the mountain fastnesses of some of our great states, but whose atmosphere is changed with historic interest found nowhere else in the whole world, whose climax of interest centers in the fact that here was the home of

the lowly Nazarene, the world's Redeemer and Friend.

And yet, we were glad to get back home; for had we not lingered in streets narrow, and reeking with filth, the streets of Oriental cities; mingled with denizens whose appearance was more than synonymous with squalor, wretchedness, poverty; been brought painfully in touch with the hated system called "caste," so sharply in contrast with the spirit of democracy of our own God-blessed land; so that when our vessel, "S. S. Baltic," steamed into the harbor of New York after an absence of several months, and we caught sight of the stars and stripes and the Statue of Liberty, though it was Sabbath morning, you ought to have heard us shout.

No, we were not all Methodists — the Methodists were in the minority for once; and the staid followers of John Calvin, and the conservative representatives of New England, the Congregationalists, the good friends who claimed affiliation with the Episcopalian and Baptist faiths, were equally enthusiastic with the followers of John Wesley, who from the cradle to the grave are supposed to be familiar with the spirit of vociferation — all, in one long, continued shout that must have made old Boreas hide his face behind his wings, the wind,

with envy, joined in giving expression to their joy of home-coming. And we better appreciated the language of good Dr. Van Dyke, whose words suggested our theme:

"Oh, its home again, home again, home again for me,
My heart is turning home again, to God's country;
To the blessed land of room enough beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars."

By our firesides through the years to our children and children's children will we engage in the pleasant pastime of regaling our experience abroad, not failing ever to observe the law of contrast, or the law of association of thought which the psalmist must have had in mind when, in speaking of the rich heritage, temporal and spiritual, into which he and his people had come, he said: "He brought me forth into a large place."

I. EXPANSION THE LAW OF BEING

Among all the inspiring lessons to be learned by man there is none possessed of greater worth than that in which he beholds the index finger of rightful authority pointing at him, pro-

claiming the sublime truth that expansion is the law of being. No matter how profound the subject matter under discussion, or how much of erudition is possessed by the expositor of the truth at hand, the world has ever grown weary of any argument which is "in a circle," whose horizon is circumscribed, whose point of destination is never lost sight of, being near at hand.

On the other hand, how the world's heart becomes enthralled by the *argumentum ad hominem* whose sweep of vision is great, whose field of investigation is limitless in scope, and in which, though the world becomes enriched beyond compare as a result of principles mastered and applied, it is constantly reminded of the picture of the great philosopher standing on the seashore picking up the pebbles of information — conscious of the fact that the boundless deep of further knowledge in endless sweep lies beyond him.

How the world's heart has become pained — an expression of disappointment overspreading the faces of thoughtful, intelligent men as they have listened to a man possessed of the erudition of a Huxley saying: "If I could be wound up like an automaton and always keep going, without weariness, always doing the

right thing, I would gladly surrender every pleasure in life."

What a fascinating story is that growing out of the history of the labor-saving devices introduced by the world's inventive genius! What a boon to the world at large was the introduction of the printing press, whose leaves of information, like so many autumn leaves, are found falling all about us, keeping us in touch with the trend of human affairs! Prior to the introduction of this agency, the world consisted of one great community of strangers — I say strangers, since space was an isolation of communities, cities and nations from each other. Two cities a hundred miles apart in former times possessed habits and customs wholly unknown to each other. Under such existing circumstances but little progress could be made.

How different to-day. This morning an event of importance has transpired in a distant land; to-morrow morning, or better still, this evening, we will read a full account of it in the associated press dispatches — for the newsgatherer of this age is well-nigh omnipresent. And yet, who would become transformed into a printing press, even with the prospect of becoming a world wide dispenser of useful information? Who would be satisfied to become a

mere automaton, a machine dominated by another mind?

To me there is a perfect fascination growing out of the modern engine. I love to stand beside one of these; to feel its hot breath upon my cheek; to hear its pulsating heart throbbing with anxiety to be off on its journey, suggestive of the great heart gripping great truths, longing to give expression to the truths, furnishing an impetus to nobler living on the part of his fellows.

To be sure, we can conceive of an engine so perfectly constructed as to work with clock-like regularity, never growing weary on the longest journey, the expansion of whose lungs of steel sends the iron horse thundering out across the plains, and the ocean steamer plowing through the waves of the deep, causing the heart of the engineer gripping the throttle to beat with delight, knowing that his train — his vessel — will arrive at its destination on time. And yet, who is there who would exchange places with the most perfect engine in the world; who would not prefer to be any form of creeping, walking, flying, swimming animal of earth or sea or sky, rather than to be turned into an engine, a mere piece of machinery controlled always by the will of another?

The sublimest phase of the Creator's design

is that in which we witness man, "the proud lord of creation," the crowning feature of infinite genius, endowed with freedom of the will; who breathes the air of freedom, walks the earth untrammeled — reverently speaking, conscious of the fact that even God Himself would not dare to coerce him to action against his own will.

Forward, onward, upward; delving deeper, soaring higher, expanding, progressing, ever moving towards the goal; with pathway flooded by divine inspiration if he will; with guardian angels, "horses and chariots," of protection all about him, if he will; the unseen forces of infinite wisdom, knowledge and power at his disposal, if he will — but ever and always exercising his sovereign will as a free moral agent.

I repeat, it is the law of being to expand. The seed grows into a California tree from twenty-five to thirty-three feet in diameter; the cell expands into a lion, the king of beasts; the ovum is hatched into an eagle, whose home is among the clouds.

In like manner man develops in physical powers, in intellectual powers and in spiritual possibilities. "Man is the questioner of the ages — the first flash of his eye is an interrogation point. He chases microscopic atoms

back through crucial fires to test their genesis, pursues them up through eternity to find their end; is bold enough to press up to the very throne of the Infinite and demand his right to be, the secret of his purpose, the meaning and outcome of his plan — a mote of yesterday, he commands the universe to answer him," and the universe obeys.

II. PROVISION FOR THE JOURNEY

In making the journey to " the land of room enough," it is well for the soul to ponder the provision made for the same.

The naturalist finds an interesting pastime in noting the provision made for the journey extending from the seed to the full-blown flower; from the acorn to the oak; from the cocoon to the gossamer wings of the butterfly floating upon the air.

Who is responsible for this provision? There is but one answer — God. God back of the seed, hence the beauty and fragrance of the flower; God back of the acorn, hence the oak; God back of the cocoon, hence the butterfly. Is it unnatural, therefore, to suppose that back of and responsible for the development of every faculty of the soul in the journey to the land of room enough is God?

God meant that man should harness the light-

nings, hence the clouds have been charged with electricity from the beginning. God meant that man should find physical sustenance, hence the fertility of the soils. God meant that man should send ships of commerce tramping round the world, hence the highways of the deep. He meant that man should develop the æsthetic taste, hence the landscapes of beauty — spread out for him to copy in producing his masterpieces; hence the music of the spheres from which man has borrowed his material for great oratorios; hence the materials at hand from which to write immortal dramas.

God meant that man should have aspirations reaching unto the highest heaven, hence the inducement of immortal capacity.

God saw the exigency of the fall of man, hence the provision of grace which impoverished heaven for the enrichment of earth — grace which is high as heaven, deep as hell and broad as the need of humankind.

The tourist who contemplates making a journey across the sea does not make selection of a tugboat; rather does he select a great ocean liner, with all the comforts and conveniences of the modern manse. Not satisfied with providing for the personal comfort of passengers, the owners of great liners have installed wireless telegraphy, enabling the captains of in-

dustry to keep in touch with vast business interests in the interim.

But, oh, that ampler provision in the shape of "the old ship of Zion," on which the soul finds all that is requisite to peace of mind, joy of heart and contentment of life — a full assurance of a "bon voyage" all the way; whilst on the way provision has been made whereby the soul may whisper up in the ear of God the story of his need, and have whispered back to him answers of peace and joy, the medium of communication being open and unobstructed by night and by day.

One of the first considerations in connection with an ocean voyage is that of securing proper passports bearing the seal of the country from which one sails and the seal of the country for which he is bound.

In like manner the soul, journeying to "the land of room enough," must needs have a passport bearing the seal of the kingdom of grace here and the seal of the kingdom of glory yonder; hence it is that "God hath set eternity in the heart." "And this is life eternal to know God and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent into the world."

Witness, then, the declaration of the noted voyager, the apostle Paul, as he cries out: "There is therefore now no condemnation"—

no disqualifying clause—"to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit." Witness also his declaration touching an entrance into the life beyond: "For here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come."

Prior to entering upon the journey to a distant land, the tourist avails himself of the mediums of information concerning the country to which he would go; consults those who have made the journey, familiarizes himself with Baedeker, etc., getting all the information possible in advance.

Note then the ample sources of information relative to "the land of room enough." The most reliable source of information on this point is contained in the declaration of the Master Himself: "I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am there ye may be also."

Is not this sufficient warrant of the ample provision for the soul in the land beyond the stars? If He has gone to prepare a place for us, that ought to suffice. If He who prepared our world home, "whose channels are paved with diamonds, whose banks are fringed with flowers, around which (as a background) are spread suns, moons, worlds, constellations, systems; all that is sublime in magnitude, all

that is magnificent in motion, and all that is grand in order and obedience,"— what will be the character of our eternal home?

And yet, as if this were not enough, there is given to the soul the prerogative of having "a foretaste of heaven." On the wings of faith he may rise above this mundane sphere; up and on up he may soar until he has reached the sunlit summit of the heights of ineffable glory where, gazing upon the panoramic vision spread out before him, he may exclaim: "Here is my home — here, when the tabernacle of clay is dissolved, I shall find a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

III. A CONCLUDING REFLECTION

Suppose the soul should fail to reach "the land of room enough;" should become so engrossed in the things of time and sense as to fail to make preparation for that other and larger life — what then?

"See yonder astronomer gazing through the telescope upon a distant star — the star is five hundred times as large as our earth; but the biggest star in the universe of God is the man looking through the telescope."

After the last star has fallen asleep, the blue scroll of the heaven having been folded together

and rolled away; "after the death angel shall have flown from world to world, pausing long enough over the wreck of time and sense to murmur, 'Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,'" man shall live on, being possessed of immortal capacity and destined to live forever.

Suppose, after all the provision which has been made for the journey, man should fail to reach the land "where the flowers bloom forever and the sun is always bright." And suppose that out yonder, just beyond the range of vision in the twilight of memory, the soul should be found, longing for just one look into the faces of "those whom he has loved and lost" —not awhile — but forever longing for just one glimpse of "the land of room enough," and longing for the privilege of listening to the music of the immortal choirs — but longing in vain — what then?

Out yonder — I will not use the harsh word hell, rather let me say on the isle of memory — cut off from God and heaven and eternal life to linger through eternal years, recalling that all that belongs to yonder world of life and light might have been his, and are lost to him — that would be hell enough for any man — alone, and yet not alone, for memory, memory, MEMORY, as an accusing agent, shall ever be with him:

DEC 22 1913

"Of all sad thoughts of voice or pen,
The saddest is this, it might have been."

Oh, soul, hear and heed this message falling from the lips of the great Teacher of men: "For what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul; or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

"The land of room enough" with its crown of life is held out to thee; do not miss thy crown — DO NOT MISS THY CROWN.

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: April 2005

PreservationTechnologies
A WORLD LEADER IN PAPER PRESERVATION
111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

0 014 087 966 6